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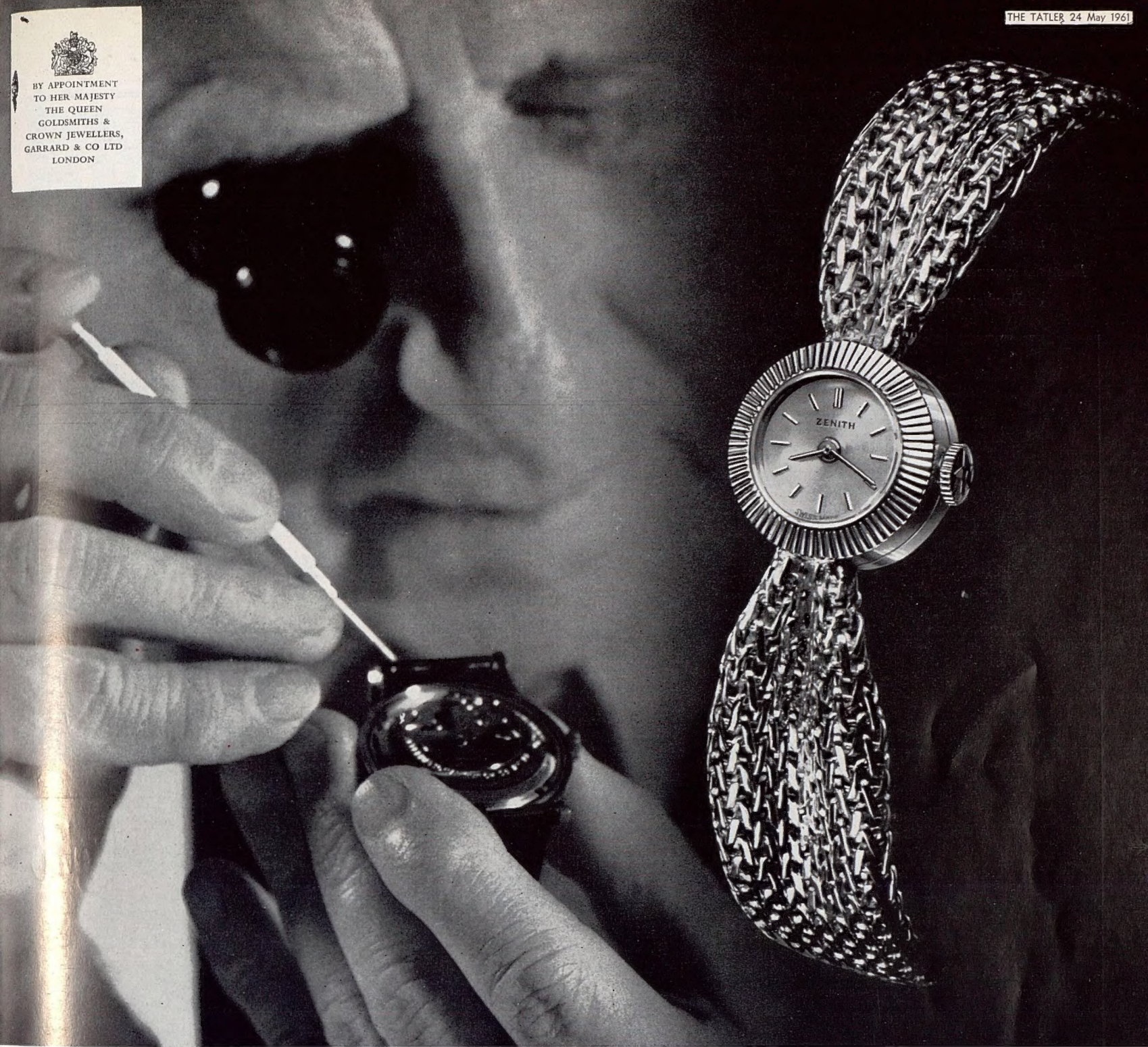
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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXL Number 3117

24 MAY 1961

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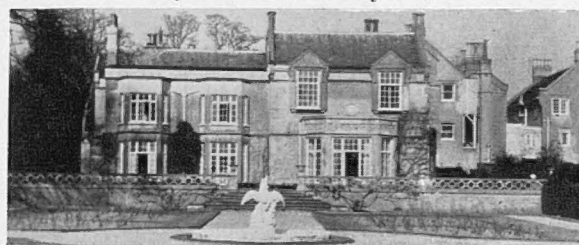
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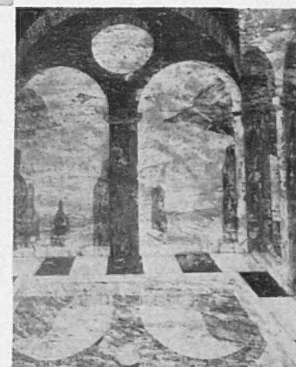
## EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

THREE PICTURES by three of the leading photographers whose work appears often in these pages. . . . **Gerti Deutsch** took the one on the right. She specializes in photographing the arts—so why this gang of bricklayers? There is an artistic purpose in their work too, as *Project: a playhouse* (page 481) will explain. . . .

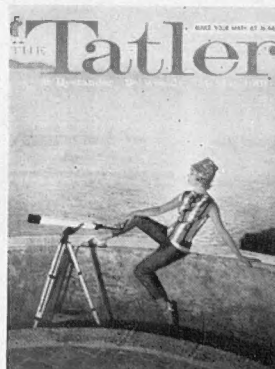
**Roger Hill** took the photograph below. Another stately home? Not any more.



This is one of the venues of *The new country house set* (page 455), who don't go to the country for the air. . . . **Lewis Morley** took the photograph on the right. Now much in demand as a theatrical photographer, he was unknown when he first brought some pictures into the office two summers ago. The subject here is deceptive. If you think it's marble, see *Make your own mark* (page 468). . . .



The cover:



*The Torre di Cala Piccola on the Argentario peninsula is one of the newest hotels in Italy. From the top of the Saracen Tower there is a wonderful view of the islands of Giglio and Giannutri. For a sundowner cocktail, a sleeveless silk blouse by Jean Sage of Nice in sophisticated colourings, buttoning up the back. It is worn with Côte d'Azur pure silk slacks. From Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (blouse, 9½ gns.; slacks, 11½ gns.). The gold straw hat comes from Liberty, Regent Street, and their King Street, Manchester, branch (2 gns.). Photographed by JOHNNY MONCADA, who also took the pictures on pages 473-9*

Next week: Can we stop the Services slipping?



# GOING PLACES

**Richmond Royal Horse Show**, 25 to 27 May, at Richmond.

**Keble College Summer Ball**, 26 May, at Oxford.

**Army Three Day Event**, 26 to 28 May, at Tidworth. (Tidworth Ball, 27 May.)

**Pembroke College Eights Week Dance**, 27 May, at Oxford.

**Melton Hunt Club point-to-point**, 27 May, at Garthorpe.

**Gala performance of "The Sound of Music"**, 29 May, at the Palace Theatre, in aid of the World Parliament Association. Tickets: Mrs. Madge Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

**Cheltenham Open Tennis Tournament**, 29 May to 3 June.

**Concert** (to be attended by the Queen Mother), 30 May, at St. James's Palace, in aid of the Edwina Mountbatten Trust. Contact: Mrs. Wheeler, 38 Chester Square, S.W.1.

**The Derby**, 31 May, at Epsom.

**Stapleford Park**, an illustrated lecture by Lord Gretton, 31 May, at 6.15, at Overseas House, Park Place, S.W.1, in aid of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

**Gala Preview of "Dazzling Prospect"**, with Margaret Rutherford, 31 May, at the Globe Theatre, in aid of the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. Tickets: 7s. 6d. to 5 gns. from Miss I. Edwards, 2a Trebeck St., W.1.

**Gala Performance of "Visit to Monavania"**, by Lady Aylwen, 31 May, at the Scala Theatre, in aid of the Printers' Pension Corporation. Tickets: Mrs. Madge Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

**Navy League Dinner-Ball**, 31 May (to be attended by the Duchess of Gloucester), at the Dorchester.

**Cobweb Ball**, 31 May, at Quaglino's ballroom, in aid of the Abbeyfield Society. Tickets: £2 12s. 6d. from Mrs. Basil Lindsay-Fynn, 16 Sussex Place, N.W.1.

**S.O.S. Africa** (late night variety show), 2 June, at the Victoria Palace, in aid of Africa Bureau. Tickets: 3s. to 5 gns. from Mrs. Jan Green, Africa Bureau, 65 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

**The Oaks**, 2 June, at Epsom.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat racing**: Catterick Bridge, Liverpool, today; Windsor, today & tomorrow; Manchester, 25-28; Newbury, Thirsk, 26, 27; Worcester, 27; Lewes, Wolverhampton, 29 May; Epsom, 30 May-2 June; Lincoln, 31 May, 1 June.

**Steeplechasing**: Stratford-on-Avon, 25 May.

## CRICKET

**Australians v. Gloucestershire**, Bristol, to 26; v. M.C.C., 27, 29, 30 May.

## WALKING

**Stock Exchange London to Brighton walk**, 27 May.

## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Falstaff*, 25, 27 May; *Peter Grimes*, 30 May, 7.30 p.m.; *Boris Godunov*, 7 p.m., 1 June. (cov 1066.)

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Le Baiser De La Fée*, *Les Sylphides*, *Antigone*, tonight; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 27, 31 May; *Giselle*, 29 May. All 7.30 p.m.

**Royal Festival Hall**. London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Sir Malcolm Sargent, with Cherkassky (piano), 8 p.m. tonight; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (soprano) with Gerald Moore (piano), 8 p.m., 26 May; London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. John Pritchard, with Segovia (guitar), 8 p.m., 30 May. (WAT 3191.)

**Claydon Concert**, Claydon House, Bucks. Vlada Perlemuter (piano), 7 p.m., 28 May. (MAY 5091.)

**"Musical Spring In Lakeland"** Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra,

soloists Cherkassky and Tortelier, 31 May, 1, 2 June. (Whitehaven 489.)

**Sadler's Wells**. *La Vie Parisienne*. 7.30 p.m., daily, Sat. mat. 2.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

## ART

**Ernst Barlach** (sculpture & drawings), Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, S.W.1, to 3 June. (See Galleries, page 486)

**Paintings from the Stately Homes of Northern Ireland**, Belfast Museum & Art Gallery, to mid-July.

**Kensington Artists**, Leighton House Art Gallery, to 10 June.

**Muriel Pemberton** (paintings & drawings), County Town Gallery, Priory Street, Lewes, Sussex.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Royal Court**. *The Blacks*, tonight.

**Savoy**. *The Bird Of Time*, 31 May.

**Globe**. *Dazzling Prospect*, 1 June.

## THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 485.

**On The Brighter Side**. "... the first impression is of something very neat, determinedly smart and rather empty. The net result is a successful but not particularly distinguished revue." Stanley Baxter, Betty Marsden, Pip Hinton, David Kernan. (Phoenix Theatre, TEM 8611.)

## CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 485.

G.R. = General release

**Very Important Person**. "... even I, who do not care for war films, have to admit that this is an extremely jolly comedy." James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips, Stanley Baxter, Godfrey Winn. G.R.



ERICH AUERBACH

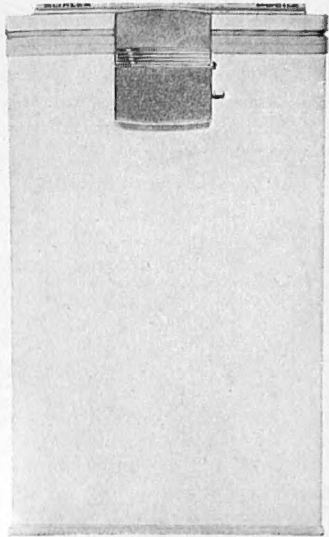
June Bronhill in the leading soprano role of Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne*. Wendy Toye's production opens at Sadler's Wells tonight for a limited season

## BRIGGS by Graham





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## GOING PLACES LATE

## Inside information

Douglas Sutherland

I ASKED EUGENE KAUFELER, SWISS-born head *chef* at the **Dorchester Hotel**, and doyen of his profession, how often these days the *chef* is called up to take a glass of champagne with diners as a compliment for a particularly well-prepared meal. The answer—very seldom. But I suspect this is because the tradition is dying out, rather than due to lack of appreciation.

My main purpose in visiting the Dorchester was to see the newly decorated Terrace Room which is now open for luncheon and for dinner/dancing until 2 a.m. The room overlooks Hyde Park and has been redecorated with taste and charm. It is currently one of the most popular rendezvous for pre-dance dinner parties. You need to book because on several evenings each month the whole room is taken for private parties.

More and more hostesses, *chef* Kaufeler tells me, are taking the trouble to have detailed discussions about the food to be served at their dinner parties and *débutante* dances, and the standard is getting higher and higher. Welcome news indeed for those who have suffered over the years from a surfeit of chicken Maryland followed by fruit salad and ice cream.

Incidentally, talking to Eugene Kaufeler, who as usual is doing more than his fair share of catering for the smarter dances this year, is an experience in itself. His knowledge of food is compendious and his reminiscences are worth a book. Moreover, he always seems to have time to share a bottle of his favourite champagne—currently Pol Roger 1945—with visitors to his quiet office, an oasis of calm in the bustle of a big West End hotel kitchen.

I asked managing director George Ronas if he felt in danger of being dwarfed by the new skyscraper hotel buildings which threaten to spring up all around him. He was singularly unperturbed. "We rely on first class service to keep our customers," he explains. "Even today we reckon on two-and-a-quarter staff to each guest. The American type hotel works on less than one per guest. And with our older leaseholds we can afford to keep prices down."

By contrast to the quiet dignity of the Dorchester I called later last week on two young men in a hurry. They are Ray Jackson and Eric Lindsay, two young actors in their early 20s who opened the **Casino de Paris** off Piccadilly Circus

three years ago, one of the most successful theatre clubs in London. They attribute their success to a refusal to depart from theatrical tradition and discipline in their productions. I hesitate to describe the Casino de Paris as a striptease club because of the many sleazy clubs around Soho that have cashed in on the vogue. The place is comfortably fitted out as a theatre with a fully licensed bar which runs through from 3 p.m. Though there is a great deal of "taking off" going on, the show, if you will excuse the contradiction in terms, is well dressed and well produced.

Now Jackson and Lindsay are fitting out Follies shows to tour the Continent where they are booked on a top rating night club circuit. I suggested to Eric Lindsay that this sounded rather like taking coals to Newcastle. On the contrary, he tells me, practically all the top show girls on the Continent are English. They have a reputation for working harder and looking more glamorous than any other nationality in Europe.

Next step for this ambitious management team is to put on a full scale Follies revue at a West End theatre. But the main difficulty is to find a theatre to house them.

## Cabaret calendar

**Talk of the Town** (REG 5051) *Sophie Tucker and the Ten O'Clock Follies*

**Quaglin's** (WHI 6767) *Clifford Stanton, impressionist*

**Pigalle** (REG 6423) *Patti Page*

**Colony** (MAY 1657) *Hutch Celebrity* (HYD 7636) *Chiquita Carlos, dancer with supporting variety*

**Winston's Club** (REG 5411) *Winston's Merry-go-round with Danny La Rue*

**Blue Angel** (MAY 1443) *Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves*

**Savoy** (TEM 4343) *Three Monarchs, Bobby Jule & the Savoy Dancers*

**Astor** (GRO 3181) *Artie Dann, American comedian, and Don Fox, English singer*

**Hungaria** (WHI 4222) *Diana Decker*



*Ex-Dior mannequin turned singer Maggy Sarraigne is at the society restaurant for a month*

## GOING PLACES TO EAT

## Shrines for a pilgrimage

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**La Belle Meuniere**, Charlotte Street. (MUS 4975.) C.S. Mario and Gaspar in their newly-decorated shrine of good cooking, with its soft pink motif, continue to give us some of the best food in London. Young, old, and in-between-agers know it is worth while to make the journey from the West End, for the selection and cooking of food here is not just a well-performed function, but an art. Allow 30s. per head and you won't regret it. The wines are well chosen. N.B. the Alsatian Riesling Jacobert 1957. W.B.

**The Magic Carpet**, 124 King's Road, Chelsea. (KEN 6296.) When Mr. Leslie Brampton opened this restaurant 14 years ago it quickly achieved a reputation for good cooking and amusing company. Today it stands higher than ever in both respects. Quality beef is a

feature of the menu, on which there are also three specialties of the house, one of them being *Chicken Grand Mere*. The décor is unusual and full of atmosphere. Americans from Quaker Pennsylvania came especially to dine, undeflected by the pictures of nudes. You can eat well for well under £1, without wine. The main course costs about 11s. 6d. with vegetables. There is pleasant piano music in the evening. Booking essential.

**Le Provençal**, 259 Fulham Road. (Below Queen's Elm crossroads.) FLA 9434. C.S. The number of good, exclusively French restaurants in London is remarkably small. This is one of them. Newly opened, *Monsieur le patron* Paul has set himself a high standard. Simply but pleasantly got up, his restaurant has among its specialties *coq au vin*, *pâté de canard*, and an admirable *Brochette des Fruits de Mer Nicoise*.

Allow just over 20s. per head without wine and you will not be far out. W.B.

**De Vere Hotel**, De Vere Gardens, Kensington (KNI 0051). Mr. Robert Lush has made this hotel a place of charm. The new dining-room, quiet and dignified, is delightful, and the food is good. The wine list is marked also by his expert knowledge, and he considers that the most interesting wine is a 1955 Chateaufort du Pape, *Blanc*, at 22s.

**Paramount Grill**, Irving Street, Leicester Square. (WHI 0744.) Open midday to midnight. This grill, one of the first of the many now so popular, opened in 1954 and has served consistently high quality meat ever since. You can have a king-size prime porterhouse steak for 19s. or a T bone for 16s. Cuts of more ordinary but generous size are round about 12s. 6d. Allow about 30s. for a three-course meal. Wine is by the glass, carafe, or bottle, including a 1955 *Fleurie* at 23s. which pairs admirably with an Aberdeen-Angus steak. Service, like the coffee, is good. W.B.

## Napoleon stopped here

To most Britons Montelimart is a long stretch of petrol stations and

nougat shops. But off N7 there is a charming old town, and standing back from the road is the historic **Relais de l'Empereur** (Tel. 2.89.) where Napoleon used to stop. Not only is it most comfortable to stay in but father and son, Francis and Roger Latry, provide some of the best cooking in France. Francis was *chef des cuisiniers* at the Savoy for 35 years. A double room with bath costs about £3 per night. And dinner? It is up to oneself. Allow 50s. per head with wine for a memorable meal. The Relais has a Michelin rosette. W.B.

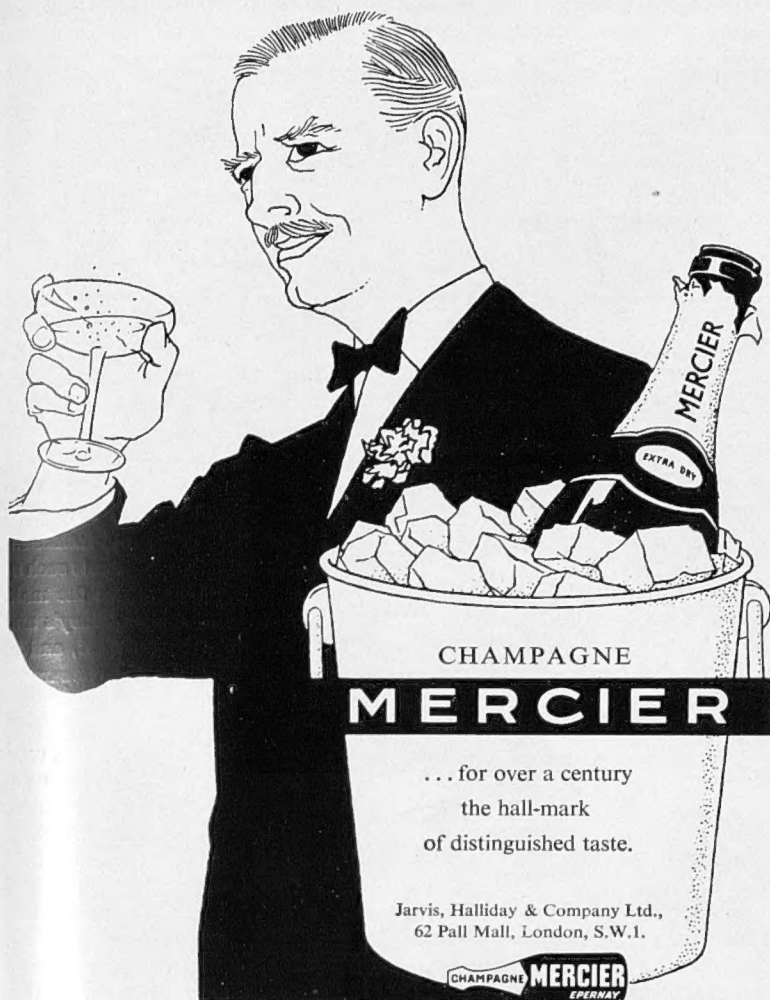
## Wine note

Austrian wines are worthy of greater attention than they receive. Recently, with my wife, I tried a few of them. She is an expert on white wines and put them in the following order, with which I agree. (Prices are for a bottle.)

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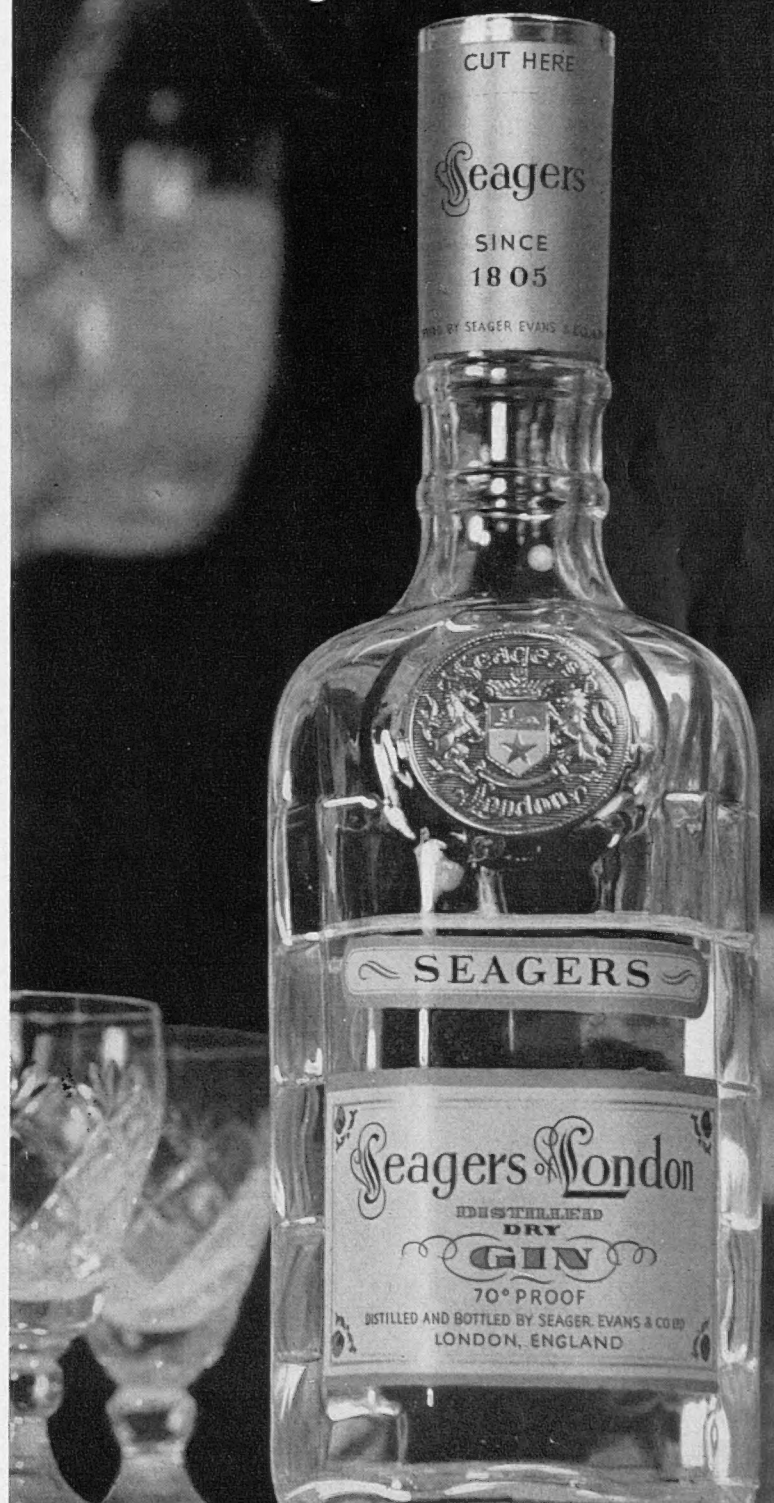
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## GOING PLACES ABROAD

*Budapest revived*

Doone Beal

WHETHER A VISITOR WHO CAME TO Budapest for the first time in 1961 would enjoy it more or less than somebody returning on a sentimental journey, loaded with images and nostalgia perhaps more persistent than reality, it is very hard to say; a city is no less encumbered by a romantic past than is an erstwhile beauty.

Either way, Budapest makes an interesting comparison with Prague, of which I wrote last week. It has always been a city of extremes. Less prosperous, less solid, less bourgeois than Prague, it is at the same time both gayer and sadder. Gay with heart-stirring gipsy music in the cafés, played by musicians who ask only your enjoyment to go on, it seems, for ever. Sad and shabby with the grim pock-marks of the 1945 siege, when the Russians ousted the Germans after a bitter three-month struggle. The city suffered only degrees less than Stalin-grad, as it was to suffer anew 11

years later. Some reconstruction is going on now, but funds have clearly been lacking to rebuild, repaint or repave it adequately.

Buda, built on a hillside, is divided by the Danube from the flat, comparatively new, industrialized area of Pest, and the townships were only united in 1873. It is up in Buda, around the old castle, around St. Matthias' Church where Franz Josef was crowned that year to symbolize Hungary's integration with the Austrian empire, that one finds the real poetry of the city. The view from the Fisherman's Bastion over Margit Island, lying in midstream, over the eight Danube bridges, and over the façade of Pest, with its churches and palaces, is divinely beautiful. So are its squares and courtyards and old villas, cobbled streets, yolk-yellow houses crumbling gently into decay, shaded by exuberant horse-chestnut trees, its half-hidden flights of steps clambering down the hillside.

Behind the War Museum (that, too, was once a palace), a magnificent array of cannon, Turkish, Austrian and Hungarian, points over the valley towards the wooded, villa-studded hills of Rozsdomb.

My Hungarian escort remarked tellingly that, in the old days, "the aristocrats lived here in Buda; the bourgeois snobs over the hill on the other side." *Bourgeois* is altogether a dirty word, which seems paradoxical in a country that denies any real poverty as vehemently as it denies its aristocracy. But comparative luxuries like tickets for the opera, though very hard to get since so many are allocated to factories, do cost only 15s. for the best. The Opera House is particularly splendid, with a high standard of performance and a very civilized bar for the intervals.

Margit Island, a green oasis of horse-chestnuts, lime trees, lilacs and roses, is the playground of the city; it houses a youth stadium, numerous cafés where one can dance in the open, thermal springs, swimming pool and also the city's most opulent hotel, the Grand.

There is little to buy in the shops; rents are low, payments quite reasonable and the possibility of investment nil. These factors, combined with the Hungarians' love of

good living, contribute to a series of well-filled restaurants and cafés and to a perpetuation of the traditional Hungarian cuisine which, at its best, is exceedingly good, and always beautifully presented. On the Pest side, Matyaspince, with some particularly lively gipsy music and an informal atmosphere, is clearly in business for good food, and famous for it. Ask about *halaszle*, their fish soup. The Berlin, a large, contemporary café, has a light touch with *vol au vent* (always a good bet in Hungary), and I also commend their steak *chasseur*, done with goose liver, mushrooms, and a thick, spicy wine sauce.

All the big hotels—the Gellert, the Grand and the Duna (which has a terrace dining room) have good food; so do large, old-fashioned, rather grandiose restaurants such as Gundel. Vorosmarty, on the main square in Pest, is the Doney's and the Fouquet's of Budapest, and in summer nearly all the restaurants I have mentioned have tables outside.

In spite of its beauty by day, most of the cafés of the Castle district of Buda function only in the evening; the area is so small that you could hardly go wrong, but the street leading from the lovely old Vienna Gate to the Fisherman's Bastion has two of the best little restaurants: Pest-Buda and Fortuna. Fekete Hollo is another good one, and the charming little pastry shop *Huzs-wurm* is the oldest in the city, dating back to the 16th century. Higher up in the hills, *Harmashatarhegy* is a good country inn-type restaurant, and it has a spectacular view over the city lights.

Hungary has only just opened up for tourists (B.E.A. have just started their Viscount flights there, twice weekly, £61 17s. return and the Hungarian airline Malev runs a similar schedule with turbo-prop Ilyushins). Much has been done to please visitors, and the best hotels have been well restored; night clubs, such as the Budapest, seem to be back to pre-war standard; unlike Prague, taxis are comparatively easy, can be hired from the hotel or picked up on various ranks in the city. But some tedious restrictions remain; again, it is necessary to book and pre-pay in London for the length of time corresponding to your visa (around £4 a day for first-class), and if you do not wish to use full board, your coupons are only valid for certain restaurants. These are in fact the best. But if you want to go slumming and exploring, then you must pay with local currency: (a double tourist rate of 66 forints to the £1). Nor, as yet, can one hire self-drive cars; but you can bring them in from either Vienna or Prague, in both of which cities B.E.A. have a car-hire service. Two agencies which specialize in East European travel are International Services, 7 Haymarket; and Contours Ltd., 72 Newman Street, W.1.

J. ALLAN CASH

BUDAPEST from the Fisher Castle, worth the climb





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THE TATLER 24 MAY 1961



# The new country house set

*A contemporary phenomenon  
photographed by Roger Hill*



*Unilever hold residential training courses at Four Acres, a replica Elizabethan manor house at Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey. In between lectures on the ways of Unilever, members try their hand at croquet. There is also an all-weather tennis court and putting green*



There's a new kind of weekend guest in many of Britain's great country houses. Usually it's a he, and his wife hasn't been invited. This isn't a lapse on the host's part, either. For the host is a company and the guest is on the payroll. His trip to the country may give him a few breaths of country air, but only in between lectures, exercises and "group activities." All over Britain industry is buying up private properties rendered outsize for private owners by the changes in private income and taxation. A big country house, in the current management theory, makes an ideal isolation centre for a care-

fully selected group of employees who need to be brought on to fit them for promotion. The ballroom usually makes an excellent lecture room, and the gun-room is easily converted into a bar. There are so many bedrooms that often as many as 30 likely fellows can be put up. Probably most of these houses are near London, because big noises from head office who come to address the classes don't want to spend too much time travelling. Besides, if the place is fairly handy it can also be used for entertaining, and there are a lot of firms who set a lot of store by having the chap on the receiving end of an initialled memo meet the owner of the initials over a drink. They think it boosts morale—as it well may. The whole thing has been a boon to estate agents, who no longer have the slightest difficulty in getting a 20-bedroomed mansion in own

grounds off their books. For demand far exceeds supply. The old estate workers sometimes benefit too, for they may be kept on instead of becoming victims of the master's inability to keep the old place up. All the houses and gardens illustrated here are proudly looked after, well heated and furnished, and well staffed. Guests are probably more comfortable than ever, since firms aren't so conscious of the fuel bills as many private hosts have to be. The only people with anything to complain about are the demolition contractors—and the wives who stay behind.

### The new country house

set CONTINUED



*The Tory Party runs residential courses at Swinton Hall, Masham, Yorks, home of the Earl & Countess of Swinton who still live in one wing of the house*



*Epitomizing the wedding of country house and industry, Winnington Hall has become surrounded by chemical factories at Northwich, Cheshire. At one time a girls' school, it is now used by I.C.I. as a staff club. The Long Gallery, in the 18th-century part of the house, acts as a lounge after breakfast*



*The Coal Board operates The Vache, a 17th-century manor house at Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, as a staff college. This is a gathering of university appointment officers there*



*The Westminster Bank has Farnham Hall at Ware, Herts, for a staff training college. Twenty bank*





Managers are seen at a picture. The former picture gallery (right) is now hung with progress charts



Shell & B.P. have their training centre at The Node, at Hitchin, Herts. The house is set in beautiful grounds maintained by a head gardener who was born on the old estate





*Miss Primrose Butler, Miss Eve Bramwell and Miss Patricia Butler*



*Show jump judges Major F. Beckett and Mr. R. Scott with Miss Joanna Pemberton*



*Major Gen. C. L. Firbank, honorary Trials director, & Lt.-Col. "Babe" Moseley*

## TRIALS DAY IN DORSET

Encouraged by a big turn-out of supporters, a field of 83 competitors tackled the testing course at the Sherborne Horse Trials

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



*Lord Hugh Russell, younger brother of the Duke of Bedford, competing in the show jumping on Molqualk*



*Col. P. Gambier, a member of the Trials committee. Left: Count G. de Pelet, Master of the Blackmore Vale, timing the cross-country. Far left: Col. J. B. Pemberton, who built the Trials show jumping course*



There were a lot of suggestions after the American election about what Mrs. Kennedy would do when she got to the White House. None of them has turned out to be imaginative enough. Not since the days of Dolly Madison in the early years of independence has life been so gay and amusing at the stolid-looking White House.

Mrs. Kennedy, already known for her beauty, is proving a First Lady with brains, courage and flair. Evening parties *start* and finish with dancing. No more laborious queues of people waiting to shake hands—a courageous move, as “receiving” is a sort of ritual in America. I once went through a receiving line of 62 people when Texas Congressmen gave a party. White House dances now follow the pattern of American dances in general. Any male guest can approach the hostess and ask her to dance. Cutting-in is allowed. When I talked to Sen. Thurston Morton, chairman of the Republican Party, he was still lamenting an incident at a White House dance the previous week when Sen. George Smathers “cut in” on him taking away Mrs. Kennedy after less than two minutes.

Lunch champagne, Kentucky bourbon and Scotch and Irish whiskey have taken the place of spit-cup and American “champagne” at the glamorous evening parties. They’re served from buffets gay with fish in aspic and swan carved from ice. Serving of hard liquor has brought shoals of protest letters, but Mrs. Kennedy’s only concession was to cut down the number of bars. Guests don’t appear to mind having to walk a bit farther for a drink. For years banquets and receptions at the White House were dry. Then President Eisenhower accepted the American wine trade’s offer to build a cellar in the basement.

The first party at which the cellar came into use was given for American scientists and American “champagne” was served. (It was just after the Russians had put up their Sputnik and there was a great cry for official recognition and encouragement of American scientists.) The President was busy seeing to it that glasses were constantly charged. Having sent a waiter to fill mine he said, “*It’s New York ‘champagne,’ you know. Very good, you’ll like it.*”

Under the Kennedys the food, too, is different. Chicken cooked in wine or wrapped up in sauce with a French accent has replaced what had become a fairly staple diet of Southern fried chicken. The Kennedys’ lobster Newburg (produced by the chef they took from their favourite New York hotel, the Carlyle) is reputed to be the best in America.

The White House’s valuable collection of gold plate (on permanent display for the first time) makes a glittering background for Mrs. Kennedy’s collection of Lowestoft and other vases. When there is a party she likes to do the flowers herself, and this is something else that

has not gone unnoticed. I liked the comment of Mme. Hervé Alphonse, wife of the French Ambassador: “*They have obviously not come from the florists; you can see they are the work of a living hand.*”

Americans, noted for their support of “coffee breaks,” are now being asked to *tea* at the White House and liking it. These are usually small, informal affairs with a few friends, and tea is served any time up to 6 p.m. There are also the tea parties in the grand manner with food virtually indistinguishable from Brown’s or Fortnum’s. At a recent one, 332 wives of U.S. newspaper editors were entertained.

It’s going to be an even more different White House. A body has been appointed known as

## Off-duty in WASHINGTON

*Muriel Bowen concludes  
her transatlantic report*

Mrs. Kennedy’s Fine Arts Commission for the White House. Already it has had its first few meetings and it has now been turned loose on the biggest treasure hunt since the Revolutionary Wars. It is Mrs. Kennedy’s aim to have the White House completely furnished with American furniture of the early 18th century, and this will remain as a gift to posterity. It’s a high-powered committee with people like Mrs. Henry Parrish, the leading New York interior decorator, Mrs. Paul Mellon whose house and garden at Middleburg are done with impeccable taste, and Mr. John Walker III, director of the National Gallery of Art and brother-in-law of the Earl of Perth. They have their work cut out for them though, as American furniture of this period is scarce and astronomically expensive.

Art is probably Mrs. Kennedy’s main hobby and interest. When the National Gallery of Art recently had a 20th birthday she said of it on a TV programme: “*The Gallery’s birthday almost feels like my own birthday—my love of art was born there.*”

Disliking some of the pictures she found at the White House, she had them banished to

storage rooms. In their place are 19 paintings she borrowed from the Corcoran Gallery of Art. While rummaging in the basement she also came on the desk now used by her husband. Made from the timbers of the Arctic ship, *U.S.S. Resolute*, it was given to President Rutherford Hayes by Queen Victoria in 1878. A brass plate tells its story. The desk had not been used by the President of the United States since Theodore Roosevelt’s day, but Kennedy, a former P.T. boat skipper, is delighted with his wife’s find.

I returned from my visit to America on the Queen Mary which has a 25th birthday to celebrate on Saturday. I went on board full of curiosity about why “the Mary” has so many friends. The United States is faster, the Queen Elizabeth bigger, but I have never heard either of them spoken of in the same affectionate terms.

The grandeur of the ship—the lounge is really something—appeals to the British passengers. It gives them a nice feeling of security. But it was the American passengers who filled me in on some of the historical details of the ship—her carrying of a million Americans to various war fronts, and then the tragic day when she biffed a cruiser that came too close and 400 of the cruiser’s complement lost their lives.

Then there was the signal from the United States when she slipped past in 1953 to take away the Blue Riband of the Atlantic: “Sorry to have to do this to you.” According to the story the Queen Mary answered back: “Congratulations. But a lady is never seen in fast company.” Capt. Harry Grattidge, her Master at the time, howled with laughter when I asked him about this. “I didn’t send it. But that isn’t to say it wasn’t sent.”

One of the favourite pursuits of the Americans is the picking up of stories of famous passengers. Sir Winston Churchill (on a visit to President Roosevelt) finding the Gulf Stream a bit stuffy, is supposed to have sent a strongly worded message to the Captain to get out of it. The Marquess of Exeter did the fastest passenger mile round the deck, and there used to be a plaque recording it (it disappeared and has been reported in a school in Australia). Mr. Henry Ford II met his wife at a table in the Starlight Roof, still known as the “Fords’ table” because he always books it in advance when he travels by the Mary.

Quite the most memorable passenger feat was surely that of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape. While he was First Sea Lord he was induced to race across 30 tabletops in the restaurant with some of his contemporaries. And he won. “Remember it very well,” he told me when I telephoned him at his Surrey home. “It was after dinner, but we were all perfectly sober. Snakes and ladders, I think they called it. Anyway the passengers adored it.”





*The Duke & Duchess of Somerset, watching the show from seats in the hall*



*Supper in the picture gallery before the show. Centre: Mrs. John Davie*



*Miss Geraldine Mills with Miss Melanie Hoare, whose parents lent Stourhead for the show*

# WEST COUNTRY HIGH FASHION



*Mrs. John Yates*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
DESMOND O'NEILL

Champagne and Chippendale were the trappings to a show of Ronald Paterson clothes at Stourhead, noted for its fine furniture.

A champagne supper preceded the parade, for which 1,000 tickets were sold to help the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association.

The Palladian house, believed to be the setting for Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*, was built by Henry Hoare in 1722



*The Earl of Buckinghamshire, chairman of the D.G.A.A. council, model Ginette Heldman, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, who opened the show, and Mr. Ronald Paterson*





*Guests watching the show in the picture gallery*





Mrs. H. P. R. Hoare, the hostess, wife of the chairman of Hoare's Bank, with Mrs. J. Villiers



Watching the show in the drawing-room. Centre couple: Captain the Hon. Edward & Mrs. Digby



Mrs. Cyril Hunt, one of the organizing committee, checking arrangements with Mrs. Ronald Paterson



Mrs. C. Frankland Moore, who is vice-chairman of the D.G.A.A. executive committee

## My fiancée's furry friends . . .

BY FRANCIS KINSMAN

*She sat demurely at my feet.  
"Darling," she sighed, "you ought to meet  
The animals I take to bed.  
I love them fondly—so will you."  
Quick as a flash I found I'd wed  
This small but unattractive zoo:*

*A rabbit (Arabella Rose) . . .  
Punchie, the dog without a nose . . .  
A nameless leather platypus  
(if squeezed, emits metallic laugh) . . .  
Canute, the chiming owl . . . and Gus,  
The sea-green rubberoid giraffe.*

*I'd have been foolish to protest,  
And so I let the matter rest—  
Since when I've felt the pangs of doubt.  
I wish a fortune that I knew  
How to explain to her about  
My six-foot woolly kangaroo.*

WEST COUNTRY  
HIGH FASHION  
*concluded*



# YOUNG FAMILY

*Sir Geoffrey Bates, Bt., M.C., & Lady Bates live with their two daughters, Celina and Sarah, at Gyrn Castle, Llanasa, Holywell. Lady Bates was Olivia FitzRoy, and writes children's books*

PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY SWAEBE







*Family group with water. Sir Geoffrey & Lady Bates try to interest their daughters in fishing. Gyrn Castle (below) was built as a house in 1800—turrets and battlements came later. Sarah (right) is 15 months. Sir Geoffrey has two teenage sons by his first wife who died in 1956*



*Procession with animals. Celina leads with Labrador-Jess, Sarah follows with Queenie the lamb.*



*Sir Geoffrey blows smoke rings for Sarah*





## YOUNG FAMILY

*concluded*



*Three studies of Celina who is two-and-a-half. Left: before a portrait of her great-great grandmother, Celina van der Byl, after whom she was named. Far left: in open air mood and (below) in mob cap for bathtime*







*Mrs. Nigel Campbell  
and her daughter Miss  
Sarah Goalen in the  
mirrored hall of their home*

## TWO SARAHS CELEBRATE



*Miss Sarah Taylor. Left: Mr. Toby  
Clarke, Miss Elizabeth Backhouse  
and Mr. Michael Heathcoat-Amory*



*Miss Anne de Vigier, arriving  
with Mr. Myles Burton*



*Mr. Anthony Price and Miss Olga Kortlan, a deb  
whose parents come from Holland*

*Mr. Desmond Corcoran and Miss  
Jocelyn Holding*

Miss Sarah Goalen, daughter of Mrs. Nigel Campbell & the late Flt.-Lt. Ian Goalen, had a cocktail party at her Chester Square home





*Miss Jane de Laszlo, who is having two dances given for her this year, & Mr. Nicholas Timpson. Top: Sir Ivo Thomson, Bt., & Lady Thomson. Left: Miss Charmian Scott, who came out last year, jiving with the Marquess of Dufferin & Ava*



*Miss Rosemary Thomson tries the drums. Her parents had a house party for the dance*



*Lady Norrie and Lt.-Gen. Lord Norrie welcomed the guests with their daughter Sarah*

The Hon. Sarah Norrie, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Lord Norrie & Lady Norrie, had a coming-out dance at The Ham, their home near Wantage

*The Hon. Jacquetta Lampson*



# Make your own mark...

TODAY, any object that cannot be pressed, stamped, turned or cast at a given rate per minute is hideously expensive. Mass uniformity is the result. A century ago a gentleman would commission a set of mahogany dining chairs from the artisan of his choice, or if he had no choice, from the village carpenter. Or he might order miniatures of his family from some impoverished itinerant artist. Two or three centuries or so earlier his choice might have fallen on a



*Mrs. James Butler, married to Mr. R. A. Butler's son, cooks for her in-laws in a kitchen that turns into a night-club for parties. One wall is covered with a photographic mural, a striking picture of a London street at night. She chose the subject. She is young, original, and as she spends so much time in her kitchen, she wants to enjoy it*

by Theo Goldrey

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEWIS MORLEY

tapestry depicting his lordship hunting some unfortunate boar, or perhaps a Book of Hours illuminated by the monks of the nearest monastery. What can anybody do about being different today?

Expensive antiques of course are one answer and junkshop relics are another. Both provide a chance to search for objects which are survivors of pre-assembly-line times and which cannot be met with every day. But there are modern ways too to make our houses look our own. For though we may not be able to express our personality in specially designed furniture or wallpaper without ruining ourselves, we can use modern techniques to create something distinctive.

The easiest, and cheapest way to make your mark as an individual is with photography. The right photographic mural can make a room

CONTINUED ON PAGE 470



Viscountess Stormont has a mural in the Whistler tradition in her dining-room painted by Paul Wyatt. It includes Scone Castle and her Pekingese, Amanda. The colours are all mild, feminine—apricot, pink, turquoise, white and grey, the feeling unobtrusive. Lady Stormont has chosen a background that somehow reflects her own gentleness, and her blonde, fragile beauty



Lady Aberdare and her husband have a fine collection of prints, which crowd every available wall. This backdrop reproduces one of their engravings—Lady Aberdare was a Dashwood, and the engraving is of her family house, West Wycombe Park. The process is a photo enlargement



Make your own mark *continued*



seem cool in summer and warm in winter; you can paper a door with a map in black and white or a pastoral scene from a French engraving. You can have a panoramic view of rolling mountains, or a *trompe l'oeil* in an alcove. The scope is infinite. Two firms that will blow up your own photographs are Autotype Co. (Ealing 8861) and Textophote of Albion Works, Kings Cross; and Jacky Mackay of 39 Brook Green, W.6 will take the picture for you, then blow it up to the size required. She was responsible for Mrs. Butler's mural.

"Laminates," as the trade calls them, are a technique that combines photolithography with plastic bonded to wood. Their decorative possibilities have so increased that this June, for the first time, they will have their own international fair at Ghent. Some few years ago in Milan, Fornasetti started making his screens and umbrella stands. Philip Pound, the designer, introduced the technique to this country. You can now order a piece of furniture or a screen imprinted with any design from your cat's head to a compass rose.

Mrs. Garnett, of the Home Decorating Hire Shop, will laminate chintz on bathroom walls to match curtains. Another enterprising woman, the Princess de Ligne, has produced a set of flower designs which can be reproduced in Formica on table tops, cupboards, sink surrounds or what you will. This is not quite so grand as a design specially created for you, but it is a league away from uniformity.

For the more exacting, Mrs. Diana Buchanan, with the Countess of Jellicoe as design consultant, has started a factory to make laminated bookcases, screens and tables. They intend to employ artists who they hope will thrive on "special orders."

Another plastic, tough and resilient vinyl, can be cut and laid on a floor or a wall in any design you choose. The colours are magnificent,



John Siddeley designed this vinyl floor in mushroom colours for his office in the sumptuous Knightsbridge showroom he opened a year ago. A further example (top) of vinyl's tremendous possibilities is conveyed by the people who import American vinyl in their Old Bailey showroom. Here the Humasco tiles are continued in a wall design

and the cutting and keeping clean far less trouble than marble. You can have a mosaic in the hall, animals on the nursery floor.

And if plastic still makes you shudder, you can turn to a pleasure of the past, recently become fashionable again—the painted mural. Those brave enough to commission an unknown may find that his charges for decorating a room would not cost much more than a French hand-blocked wallpaper. Yet the colours and the subject could be chosen exactly to your own taste.

So why be bullied by either the factory or the smart decorator?



Philip Pound says that Fornasetti considered him just a minor disciple, but he was the first person in this country to exploit laminates with artistry. He is photographed at the Jack Beauprez workshop in King's Road, Chelsea, with some of his original designs. The workshop makes furniture to order with customer's own designs printed on it



## LORD KILBRACKEN

## I was a teenage bookie

TODAY is the anniversary of an important date in my life. It was on 24 May, 1937, when I was 16½, that I set myself up in business for the first time. This is an important milestone in any man's life, not easily forgotten. Not even if his business, as things turned out, was not exactly a success apart from the fact that it wasn't legal either.

I believed, however, that I would be filling a long-felt need and would acquire (as I did) many customers. Moreover, having explored the mathematics of it, I did not see how I could fail, in the long run, to derive a handsome profit from my enterprise—perhaps, I hoped, as much as a pound a week. So, 24 years ago today, I decided to take a chance, and launched forth into economic activity. I became—it was a week before Midday Sun's Derby—the school bookie at Eton. And all my most sanguine hopes at once seemed to be realized.

There had been a long line of school bookies before me—no names, no pack drill—who had flourished for longer or shorter periods before Nemesis overtook them in one shape or another, and a long line, I believe, was destined to succeed me. (If there is one today, I would be delighted to have a line from him—in the strictest confidence, of course.) We never experienced any shortage of clients because, after all, the Turf and a Public School education go hand-in-hand together. The fathers of many boys were among the leading owners in the country, and nothing could be more natural than that their footstep-following sons should enjoy an occasional flutter.

I bought a scarlet exercise book at Spottiswoode's, wrote JOHN GODLEY, TURF ACCOUNTANT, on its cover, let the news spread discreetly, and waited for the bets. They came quickly. There had, at that time, been no school bookie for a year or more, and it had become rather troublesome for a boy to back his fancy; a few had contrived to open credit accounts with London bookmakers, pretending to be over 21, but the Eton address, coupled perhaps with an unbroken voice, had made this a difficult pretence to keep up. Within a week I had over 20 clients, and a daily turnover approaching £3.

I had to proceed with caution. I wasn't afraid of the beaks, because I only accepted bets (at a corner table in Rowland's) during Chambers, when they were all safely closeted in Upper School. I couldn't foresee, however, what the outcome might be if a Member of Pop got to know, even though it was common knowledge that the telephone in Pop Room was not used only for legal purposes. And Members of Pop were of course far more important than mere beaks. However, on Derby Day, it fortunately happened that one of them placed a bet with me (it lost, incidentally); his wager was written out in his own hand-

writing, and signed, so an aura of something like quasi-legality now descended on me.

The number of my clients grew steadily, and some of them, occasionally, actually backed winners, but mostly they didn't and the book was doing well. By the end of my second week I had 40 or 50 clients, and I now decided, owing to pressure of business, that I'd have to employ a clerk. I therefore took on M——, a lower boy at m'tutor's, who had a promising knowledge of equine affairs, on the understanding that he should receive a flat 10 per cent of each day's profit, or be responsible, on the other hand, for the same proportion of any day's loss.

Business now grew apace, and by the beginning of Ascot Week we had over 130 clients—about one boy in eight—and our daily turnover had reached the astronomical figure of about £40.

We had been eagerly looking forward to Black Ascot; the book, by now, was nearly £27 up, a small fortune, and we confidently hoped to double this in the week. The first two days went fine. On the third day, just before boys' dinner, we were counting up the morning's "take" in my room, when my boys'-maid, Sarah, unexpectedly came in. It seems strange in retrospect but when Sarah, in Ascot Week, found two of her young gentlemen crouched over a cash-box which was piled high with pound notes, it could only mean one thing. Soon afterwards, M—— and I found ourselves facing the wrath of m'tutor.

We could think of no legal way of explaining our amassed wealth, and therefore, next day, we found ourselves "on the bill," since a crime of this magnitude could only be dealt with by the Headmaster (in my case) and the Lower Master (in M——'s case). We agreed between ourselves that we would have to make out that it was a much smaller business than it had actually been, or we would probably have been sacked immediately. After the usual preliminaries, we were severally found guilty and sentenced (a) to be swiped and (b) to have our leave stopped for all of five weeks.

I didn't mind the swiping, since Mr. Elliott, the Head Man, had a most humane nature; but the loss of leave—till the Sunday morning after Lord's—was a severe blow.

A severer blow was to follow, however. When, too late, we went through the last day's betting slips, we discovered that one wager, which we would certainly have laid off but for the emergency which had arisen, had won rather more than our entire profit to date. We were broke as well as beaten. I had started from the premiss that if the punter always loses, the bookie must always win, and I had only succeeded in proving myself wrong—though I must admit, after 24 years as a punter, that I somehow feel I was right all the time.





# Island Idlers

Presenting easy-going holiday clothes photographed by Johnny Moncada on the island of Argentario, up-and-coming among Italian resorts. Opening shot in a window of the Saracen-built Torre di Cala Piccola looking out towards the smaller islands of Giglio and Giannutri frames a cotton sun dress printed with Neapolitan ice cream colours. From Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1. Fenwicks, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 5 gns. Tall black straw hat banded with raffia is also from Marshall & Snelgrove, 18s. 6d.

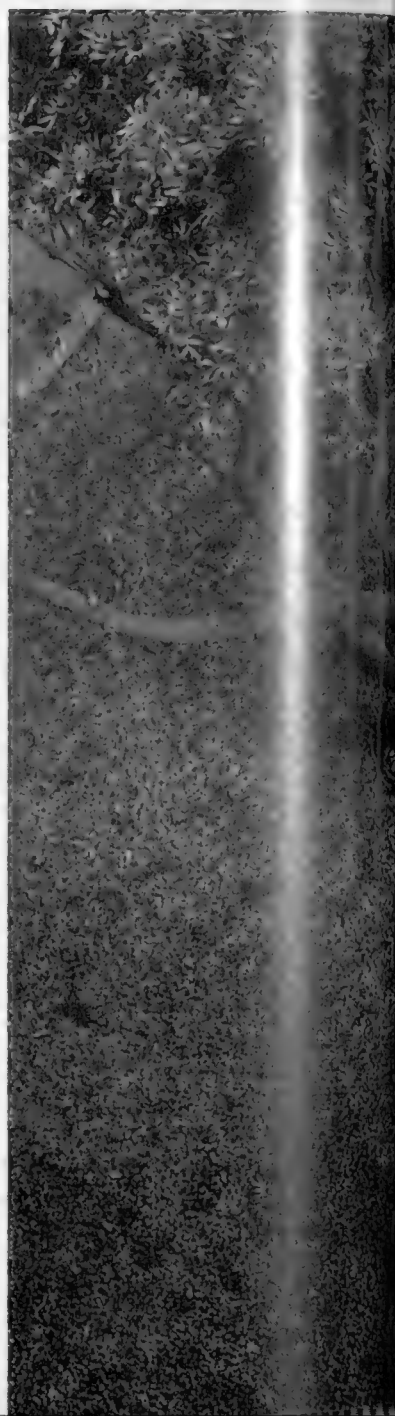
# Island Idlers

CONTINUED



On the terrace outside the Saracen tower, an eye-catching swimsuit of gold tissue by Rose Marie Reid of California. Bodice is boned and it is lined throughout. From Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1 (they also have gold mesh bracelet, 6½ gns.); Barrance & Ford, Brighton; price: 35 gns. Gold straw hat costs 2 gns. from Liberty, Regent St. Private beach of the hotel lies 400 feet below. There is a small shopping centre with boutique, news-agent and hairdresser outside the tower itself where residents can do their buying without having to journey six miles into Porto S. Stephano

Another import from Falconetto of Milan, this lounging suit of fine pure silk jersey is in vivid shades of peacock and royal blue printed in a harlequin design. The loose sweater top is worn with skin-tight pants. From Liberty, Regent St.; price: 38 gns. Sky-blue scarf hood in pure silk chiffon comes from Ascher of Wigmore St. Growth of the resort has brought few changes to the maquis-covered hillsides and the olive trees around the Saracen tower. The private bungalows that surround the central hotel buildings are built of local stone and follow the contour of the landscape







*At the hotel bar in the old Barbary stronghold, a silken tabard by Falconetto of Milan imported by Harrods of Knightsbridge. Colouring is bold and Italianate in puce, magenta, crimson, chrome yellow and black. It is worn here with toning yellow pure silk slub pants also from Harrods. Prices: tabard, 16 gns., pants £12 1s. 6d. Protected by the immensely thick walls of the tower, the bar of the Cala Piccola is the coolest summer place on Argentario*



## Island

## Idlers

CONTINUED



For the unsophisticated life of Giglio, a simple linen dress by Donald Davies of Dublin striped in yellow, orange and tan and tying with a self-belt. The dress is at Derry & Toms, W.8, price £8 7s. 6d.; the lime green straw hat from Marshall & Snelgrove at 22s. 6d. Giglio lies about 10 miles out on a straight line from the Torre di Cala Piccola on Argentario and daily steamers ply there from Porto S. Stefano. Or for 15,000 lire (about £10) you can hire a yacht for the day and voyage direct from Argentario to Giglio or Giannutri

Slick-fitting jeans and a blue and white striped tabard in Boussac cotton chime well with the brilliant waterfront colours of Porto Giglio. The set costs 7 gns. at Barnett Hutton, Oxford St., W.1, and you can buy the white straw hat bound with scarlet raffia from Liberty's in London and at King St., Manchester, 30s. The island is not smart in the expensive sense. The Pergola Hotel offers excellent cuisine at the en pension rate of about £2 a day, but has no hot water and few other frills, though patronized by princely Roman families







*Argentario's island in the sun is just under five hours away. BOAC's Comets fly daily from London Airport to Rome's new Leonardo da Vinci airport on the coast near Ostia. A train takes you on to Orbetello where a car from the Torre di Cala Piccola will pick you up. A first-class return ticket to Rome costs £74 16s., tourist is £55.*

*Sunset over Giglio silhouettes Dorville's dress of pale pink pure silk shantung with a pleated buttoned bodice which also has a matching tailored jacket (not shown). The two-piece costs 44 gns. at Woollands, Knightsbridge; Vogue, Cambridge; Florence Wood, Leeds. Giglio, like Argentario, still preserves an island peace. On Argentario Mme. Bertuzzi-Benini has built a unique hotel on the hundreds of acres of rocky coastline owned by her family. Bungalows, with private terraces and bathrooms, are connected by pathways to the main hotel around the tower*







For dining by candlelight after a day on the beach, a dress by Fontana of Rome imported by Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Made of pure silk printed with huge emerald green flowers on a white ground it has a sash that ties at the back and falls into a hem-length train. It costs 44½ gns. Italian white calf shoes are from the Roman Room, Barnett Hutton, Oxford Street, W.1 price: 79s. 6d. Flat roof of the hotel with its panoramic view is reached by a staircase leading from the smoking room with its medieval fireplace



## *Island*

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## *Idlers*

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CONCLUDED

Thick plate glass windows in the lounge give wide views of the sea. Dorville's dress of beige pure silk shantung with a self-tie belt is shown beside an amphora salvaged from one of the many wrecked Roman galleys that lie offshore. The dress costs £25 from Simpsons, Piccadilly; Samuels, Manchester; Anne Tudor, Stratford-on-Avon. Gilded wooden heads cost £6 19s. 6d at Harvey Nichols. Full pension at the Torre di Cala Piccola in the season (with bath and private terrace) costs about 6,000 lire per person per day or around £3 10s.

## Five new finds



An unusual portrait idea—plaques of your children or yourself—can be arranged through the Eva Hauser Gallery, 281 Finchley Road. By sketching (and sometimes photographing), artist Athalie Grosvenor can produce a cast of the head and a number of replicas, which are then put on plaques. Mrs. Grosvenor mixes her own colours, selected to suit the client. Plaques can be specially made to hang outside. This study of a little boy is in white on a blue background. Prices from 10 gns.



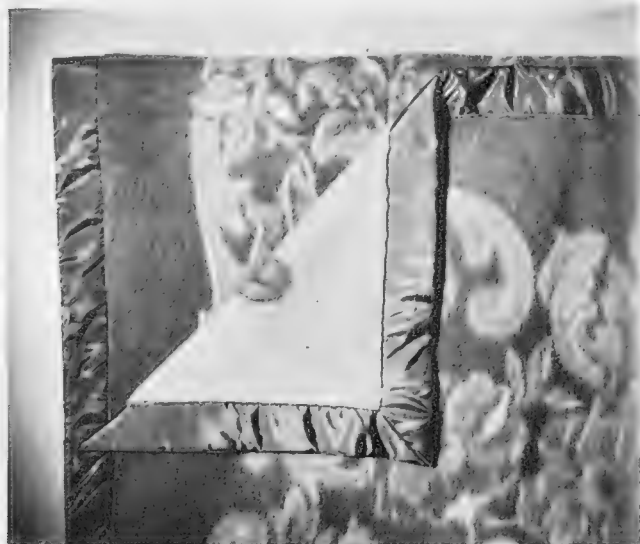
Original paintings in authentic Chinese style can be commissioned from Mrs. Summers (now 84) who lived in China for 30 years and was taught by a famous Chinese artist. Her flower paintings are done delicately on rice paper, sometimes silk. Pictures or wall panels (up to three feet high) can be discussed either by post or personally at her address which is 8 Southey Road, Worthing, Sussex. Prices depend on the amount of work involved



Miniature garden plants and gardens are the speciality of Anne Ashberry. She will sell plants (or advise) by post or personally from her nursery. The gardens—small ones in stock, larger ones created to order—can include follies, pools and other diversions. The plants, slow-growing and usually perennial, range from one to more than 15 years old; some mature trees are shown here. Gardens range from 50s. to 50 gns., and plants can be grown in balcony tubs, or courtyard troughs. Catalogue from Miniature Gardens Ltd., Chignall-Smealey, Chelmsford, Essex

## Intelligence report

New, first and only Bargain Basement for hand-finished Italian model shoes. They all come from Pinet and Mondaine after they have been on sale there for three months. The bargain basement is entirely self-service and is next door to the new Pinet shop at the Portman Square end of Baker Street. The shoes are all displayed in pairs, sizes ranging from 2 to 8, English. An enormous range of colours includes some highly unlikely shades, such as almond green. You can browse there for hours with material, trying to match it, with no fear of being interrupted. This budget department takes up the basement and first floor of the shop where the shoes are all under 79s. 11d., and many of them around 49s. 11d.



Printed and reversible summer blankets from Italy in high quality wool are the latest slant at the National Linen Co., New Bond Street. In mushroom & blue, mushroom & rose or camel & beige, they reverse to white with similar coloured flower motifs and are bound in taffeta. Price: 12 gns. for 80 by 100 size only. Other linen news includes plain white or coloured Irish linen sheets, delicately appliquéd with border flowers, echoed on pillow cases





*The artisans in the picture are spare-time actors who finance construction with stints on stage.*

*Gerti Deutsch photographed them and Richard Findlater supplies a progress report on their . . .*

Nor far from the film studios which once made Ealing a magical name in the cinema, something is brewing that may win this London suburb no less renown in the theatre. The setting is Mattocks Lane where a long planned new playhouse is due to take shape. In a country CONTINUED OVERLEAF

# PROJECT: A PLAYHOUSE

PROJECT: A PLAYHOUSE—*continued*

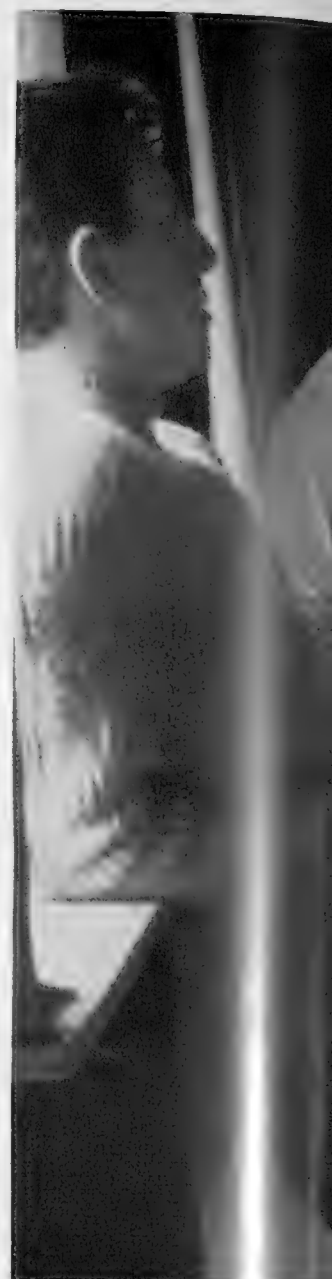
which is still steadily destroying its stages that fact alone is remarkable but there are several other astonishing facts about Ealing's theatre-to-be. First of all, it represents a triumph of British amateurism for it is the creation of one of our leading do-it-yourself societies, the Questors, whose members have already made most of the theatre's auxiliary buildings with their own hands. They include chemists, accountants, typists and scientists who have dedicated their off-duty hours to learning the mysteries of cement-mixing and bricklaying, in addition to stage-management and acting. And profits from their own amateur acting have helped pay for the bricks and mortar used in the carefully-phased building programme. Now, with some aid from ITV, the Gulbenkian Trust and a few other patrons, the Questors are ready to negotiate the erection by professionals of the main playhouse, at an estimated cost of £45,000.

This playhouse project is important not just for Ealing but for the theatre at large. The Questors are not content to create some dreary imitation of the outmoded but still-dominant Edwardian model; they have prepared what is—by English standards—a revolutionary design. Unlike some promoters of pseudo-new playhouses the Questors sought expert advice, consulting such informed men of the theatre as Sir Tyrone Guthrie, George Devine and Sir Michael Redgrave. Architect Norman Branson then drafted a bold plan which permitted not just one simple way of producing plays—behind the proscenium arch—but five different methods, including arena and open staging.

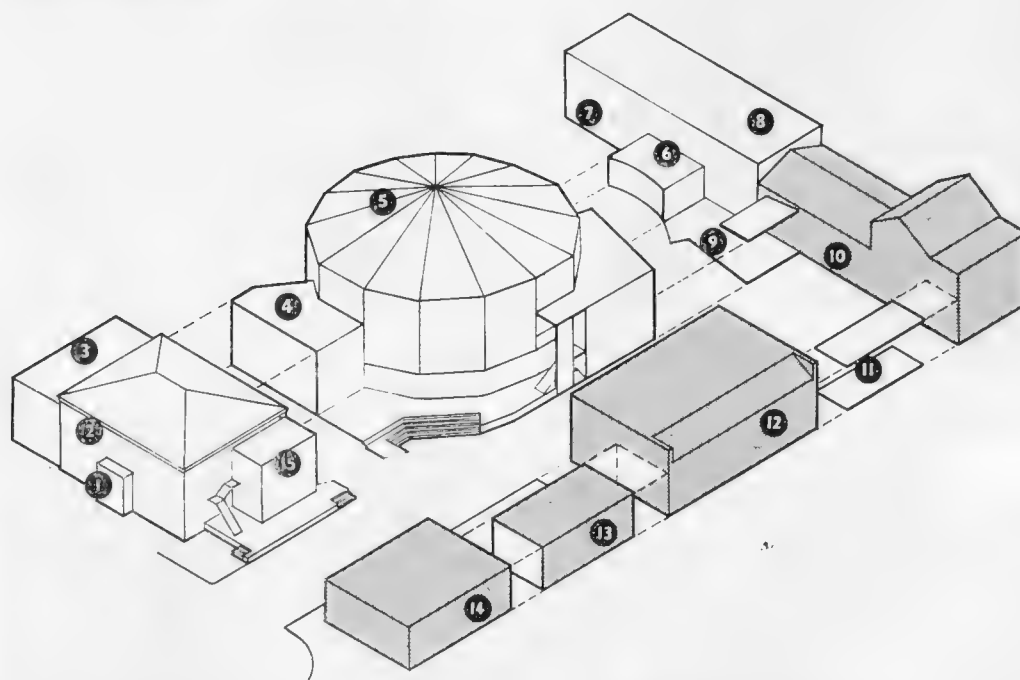
In recent months these much-debated plans have been slightly modified, partly because of the need to save money. Advice was given by Michel St. Denis among others and now the new Questors will have no circle. Instead there will be one steeply raked floor

enclosed in a kind of rectangular, glass-walled box. But there is no change in the basic design or in the group's crusading determination to make it work. The spirit of the Ealing amateurs has been stimulated by the experience of acting in the big bare Stanislavsky Room—they built it themselves—instead of in the converted chapel which had been their home since 1933. Not all the 1600 members are activists; around 120 appear on stage during the year (the volume of productions is being stepped up in readiness for the new building's needs), while the current building force—now busy on the theatre's paint room—numbers only a score. Admittedly the Questors would fail without its loyal audience, whose taste makes nonsense of "suburban" used as a rude word. It supports a bold programme that has recently included the work of Beckett, Ibsen, Adamov, Shaw, Ionesco, as well as many new English writers such as John Arden and James Saunders. In early June it will have a fresh opportunity to judge the theatre's merit when the Questors stage their Festival of New Drama.

Oddly, in spite of so much effort, and so much obvious talent as well, most of Britain's 700,000 devotees of amateur theatricals are looked down on and to some extent feared by the people who act for a living (about 10,000 nominal professionals). According to them the amateur, so far from being "the saviour of theatrical art" (in Shaw's phrase) is helping to destroy the nation's stages. This can hardly be true of the Questors and the chief reason for it is probably the character of Alfred Emmet, a City company director. His leadership has brought the Questors—step by step—within sight of an exciting new theatre concept. With courteous caution he refuses to name the day when the Ealing amateurs will try out their stage for the first time: "But I'm certain of one thing. We'll be open before the National Theatre," says Mr. Emmet.



## SHADED AREAS SHOW PARTS OF THE THEATRE ALREADY BUILT



- 1 Theatre entrance & foyer
- 2 Club rooms
- 3 Cloakrooms
- 4 Foyer stairs to first floor
- 5 Theatre
- 6 Green Room
- 7 Dressing rooms
- 8 Wardrobe
- 9 Stage entrance
- 10 Workshop, paint shop & scene dock
- 11 Covered way
- 12 Rehearsal room
- 13 Meeting room entrance & cloakroom
- 14 Meeting room
- 15 Manager's flat





Left: Tea-break for workers takes place in the old theatre building, from left are John Beavis, Sam Mayoh, Fred Cann, Ingrid Adler and director-producer Alfred Emmet. Below, far left, a consignment of rare books, one of many gifts sent to the Questors, is unloaded by actor-producer Peter Whelan, who also doubles as publicity manager, and Alfred Emmet. Below, left: Secretary Rena Rice and John Beavis in the corridor leading to the rehearsal room in the new block. Below: Wall-builders in the old workshop. Miss Ingrid Adler and Mr. Emmet



GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

## SHOCK TREATMENT

MICHAEL BOYS



**CUE:** square jaw, balanced by a high and wide forehead.  
*Line to take:* club-cut hair swinging on a line with  
 jarcline, plus slight movement away from the face either  
 side. Top smooth with inward moving bangs at eye level.  
*Expertise by André Bernard.* With a squarish  
 jarcline, concentrate interest on eyes (wear fake lashes if  
 you feel at home in them with a strong line in eye lining).  
 Another likely manoeuvre is to use a darker sweep of  
 foundation in an on-its-sides triangle under cheekbones

**CUE:** oval face with a low hairline.

*Line to take:* break up that oval line which is inclined  
 to make a face look top heavy—the backwards and  
 forwards movement at the sides camouflages the classic  
 face structure. The low but clean-cut hairline can take  
 this smooth, uncompromising backward movement which  
 has been managed here by Leon Sandler (who has a  
 salon high above Knightsbridge). Make the most of a  
 fragile chin with lots of interest centred on the mouth.  
 Achieve this with glossy, well-defined lips—Arden,  
 Lancôme and Estée Lauder all have built-in sheen. Eye  
 make-up should be subtle, eyebrows straightish, to give  
 horizontal definition to a face that lacks it

Take off every scrap of make-up, scrape hair back under a  
 bandeau of crêpe (the only sure way to keep every scrap of hair  
 out of sight), and view yourself under a strong light. What you  
 actually see depends on the preconceived notion you carry  
 around about how you look. But the sheer shock of taking stock  
 without any kind of misleading hair and eye make-up should  
 make you see something approaching the truth.

A small inaccuracy in facial structure can attract attention.  
 Your task is to divert it. **Deep-set eyes?** Try highlighting the  
 lids and socket area with creamy-white shadow. **Too-prominent  
 eyes?** Deepen the sockets with a brownish shadow ringing the  
 semicircle of the lids, and make the lids themselves lie in shadow  
 by using a brown shadow lightly on them. **Face too round?**  
 Keep make-up focus away from the centre of the face (don't  
 take shadow too near inner corners of eyes; stop it short about  
 half way across). **Lip shape not quite right?** Remember that  
 light, bright colours increase size, while darkish shades diminish.  
 Quite a lot can be done for lip shape without trespassing too far  
 over the natural boundaries—especially on the lower lip, which  
 isn't quite so sharply defined. Two object lessons follow.



TERENCE DONOVAN



Bronze torso by Yugoslav sculptor Kosta Angeliradovani (see Galleries, page 486)



# VERDICTS



JEFF VICKERS

Left: *Edwardian* stars (Jerry Desmond & Davy Kaye) in *Belle*

Shirley MacLaine & Dean Martin in *All In A Night's Work* (see Films)



## ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

*Belle*. Strand Theatre. (George Benson, Rose Hill, Virginia Vernon, Jerry Desmond, Davy Kaye, Nicole Roeg.)

### Crippen with chorines

MR. JEFF MANKOWITZ'S MUSICAL comedy at the Strand, *Belle*, based on the Crippen case of 50 years ago, has been damned in unlikely quarters as an exhibition of shocking bad taste. The author has replied that on the matter of theatrical entertainment he acknowledges neither good taste nor bad.

When Pott and Slurk set about each other with carpet bag and fire-shovel in the kitchen of the Saracen's Head the humane Mr. Pickwick was foolish enough to interfere, and most of the hard knocks that were going came his way. I hope the same thing will not happen to me if helpfully I suggest that the issue between Mr. Mankowitz and his critics would be clearer if *Belle* were considered simply in the light of dramatic propriety.

Mr. Mankowitz is right on one point. We never know where we are with taste. The accepted standards change from period to period, and at all times life itself—which it is the business of playwrights to mirror whether realistically or comically—seems never to have heard of the current standards. Its goings-on have had often to be genteelly disguised. But dramatic propriety is always up to date. It is

something that makes itself felt in the theatre no matter how excellent or deplorable may be the play in the matter of taste. This, I think, is what happens at the Strand, and as the evening goes on it works more and more strongly against the musical.

There is only one initial cause of embarrassment to affect those who go to see "The Ballad of Doctor Crippen" played out with song and dance and cross-talk as if on the stage of the old Bedford music-hall in Camden Town. One of the chief figures in the case is said to be still living, and it is an uncomfortable thought that possibly there are feelings to be hurt by what is offered us as light-hearted, slightly ribald entertainment. But if this qualmish feeling can be set aside there is nothing in the early part of this crude but vital pastiche of the old music-hall to make us regret having set it aside.

Mr. Jerry Desmond, parodying the elegance of a George Lashwood, sets the show off on the right foot with a mock-pathetic ballad well in the tradition of "another night that London knew," and he and Mr. Davy Kaye, a forcefully versatile comedian, and Miss Nicolette Roeg, a comedienne with the dainty swagger of a Vesta Tilley, move in and out of the murder story playing many different parts. The show has more exuberance than wit, but it is terrifically alive and one never knows what may come next as an exceptionally jolly chorus doing their strident song-&-dance give place to a macabre knockabout turn by the comedians or we see the screeching Belle Elmore getting the bird from her mimic audience in Mr. Loudon Sainthill's plush-&-gilt theatre.

Nor does good taste notably rebel against the first few appearances of Crippen as a kindly little man terribly henpecked and in other ways oppressed by his dreadful wife.

This is but routine comedy of the halls, and even when it comes to poisoning her by mistake the scene of Mr. George Benson offering Miss Rose Hill heavily dosed foods which she always on some absurd pretext refuses and which he is often within an ace of eating himself is pure Christmas pantomime.

What goes wrong afterwards is that a fatal touch of realistic sentiment creeps into the story of Crippen and his mistress. Mr. Benson becomes ever more dignified as the little doctor becomes conscious of danger, and with dignity comes his heroic resolve that what-

ever happens to him nothing must implicate Miss Le Neve. We begin to be conscious that beneath this quiet dignity there is genuine suffering, and when the new-fangled ship's wireless is stuttering out their imminent doom it is nothing less than an outrage to our feelings that the chorus of sailors should break into a rollicking dance routine.

The entertainment is not the victim of the author's bad taste. It loses its initial grip because he has failed to control its development with dramatic propriety; and that is a kind of propriety that no author can defy with impunity.

## ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

*Nearly A Nasty Accident*. Director Don Chaffey. (Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor, Shirley Eaton.) *All In A Night's Work*. Director Joseph Anthony. (Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, Cliff Robertson.) *Nazi Crimes & Punishment*. Director Felix van Podmanitzky. (Documentary.)

### I've had enough of laughing cavaliers

IT WOULD SEEM THAT WHENEVER A British scriptwriter sits down at his desk to brew up a new British comedy, the first idea that occurs to him in the way of a subject is "something to do with one of the Services." All he bothers to do then is decide which: the Army, the Navy or the R.A.F. This I consider jolly unenterprising of him. On receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope and a cheque for not less

than four figures, I will undertake to supply the British film industry with half a dozen oven-fresh comedy themes in which not a single warrior is involved: as a sample suggestion, may I offer *The Reluctant Peer*?

Tired as I am of comics in uniform, I will concede that screenwriters Messrs. Jack Davies and Hugh Woodhouse, taking the R.A.F. as their butt, have provided a great deal of good, clean fun and some neat dialogue in *Nearly A Nasty Accident*—a film (briskly directed by Mr. Don Chaffey) based on the play, *Touch Wood*, by Messrs. David Stringer and David Carr.

Mousy Mr. Kenneth Connor plays an enthusiastic A.C.2, whose baseless conviction that he is a mechanical genius is forever landing him in hot water. By the time he has cost the R.A.F. £5,000,000 odd—through prematurely launching a rocket, smashing up a car or two, totally wrecking six aircraft and converting a dish-washing machine into a sort of secret weapon which shoots out crockery at both ends with the speed of a demented machine-gun—Mr. Connor has established himself as such a diabolical menace that the Air Minister (Mr. Eric Barker) decides he will have to go.

Mr. Connor is dismissed from the

Air Force and his station commander (Mr. Jimmy Edwards, in fine, bristling form) is ordered personally to conduct him to his home and leave him there. A slight mishap on the train (Mr. Edwards is snatched from the guard's van and deposited in a mail net) deprives Mr. Connor of his irate escort—and enables him to try his hand at adjusting the steam-heating by crawling under his railway carriage, a somewhat tricky operation which lands him on the line, miles from nowhere.

As ever reluctant (though doomed) to cause trouble, Mr. Connor dutifully sets off to return to camp on foot. Before he gets there, he succeeds in flooding the greater part of South Wales and cutting off the electricity supply over a vast area. I find Mr. Connor very entertaining and rather endearing in his diffidence and doggedness—and there are delightful performances from Mr. Jon Pertwee, as a crusty old retired general, Miss Charlotte Mitchell, as a provincial artist heading Chelsea-wards, and Mr. Richard Wattis as an Air Ministry official threatened with (oh, horror!) a transfer to the Coal Board if he doesn't put a stop to Mr. Connor's activities.

Miss Shirley MacLaine is, for my money, one of the few comedienesses who can carry a film single-handed. Though she is not actually called upon to do this in *All In A Night's Work*, as Mr. Dean Martin gives undeniably smooth support, it is Miss MacLaine who makes this slightly 1930-ish comedy of misunderstandings worth seeing.

Mr. Martin succeeds to the position of head of a publishing empire on the death of his aged uncle, its founder, in a Palm Beach hotel. As his firm has always maintained the highest moral standards, Mr. Martin is disconcerted to learn, from the hotel detective (Mr. Jack Weston), that a half-naked girl was seen running from the old boy's bedroom on the fatal night—and that a gold Chinese earring was found on the floor. Whoever the girl may be, says the detective, it's unlikely that she will pass up such a splendid opportunity for blackmail as circumstance has given her. She will, he prophesies, doubtless declare herself at the funeral.

Mr. Martin hires Mr. Weston to stick around and keep an eye on things. This beady optic falls on Miss Shirley MacLaine, an employee in the firm's Research Department, who has just returned from a holiday in Florida. What, on her salary, is Miss MacLaine doing with a tourmaline mink coat? Mr. Weston voices his suspicions to Mr. Martin. Mr. Martin, having fallen heavily for Miss MacLaine on sight, dismisses them as absurd—but there is certainly something odd about her behaviour at his uncle's funeral. Why should she weep and

wail so unrestrainedly, unless . . . ?

From here on Miss MacLaine's lightest remark and most innocent action are misconstrued—and even Mr. Martin concludes that she is indeed a blackmailer, and a cunning one at that. As Miss MacLaine is engaged to an eminently respectable young veterinary surgeon, Mr. Weston smartly suggests that a spot of counter-blackmail would effectively settle her hash—but Mr. Martin has his own sweet way of dealing with the matter.

I need hardly tell you that Miss MacLaine is guilty of nothing but the sort of dumbness which this delicious actress can so appealingly put on. This glossy film contains many a merry moment: a sharply satirical board-room meeting between union representatives and their embattled employers, the scene in which Miss MacLaine gauchely entertains her stuffy prospective in-laws (Miss Mabel Albertson and dear old Mr. Charles Ruggles), and a crazy night-club jaunt are among the best.

*Nazi Crimes And Punishment* is an intelligent, illuminating and searing documentary—an expertly compiled, factual survey of the march of events in Europe from 1933, when Nazi influences first made themselves felt, to the Nuremberg Trials. It contains material (new to me) which will, I feel, be of the utmost interest to students of the history of our times.

Greek artist Ghika, *who has a current show at the Lefevre Gallery, painting in the studio of his 18th-century house on Hydra. The island's development as a centre for artists and writers (as well as tourists) is largely due to him*

## ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

Ernst Barlach, sculpture & drawings, Arts Council Gallery

Modern Yugoslav paintings & sculpture, Tate Gallery

## A Gothic artist in modern dress

WAY BACK IN 1938, THE YEAR Hitler's exhibition of so-called Degenerate Art was seen in London, Sir Herbert Read wrote in an introduction to the first book on modern German art to appear in English:

*"It would not be untrue to say that to the general public in Great Britain, modern German art is totally unknown. . . ."*

And even 18 years later, when the Tate Gallery held its exhibition "A Hundred Years of German Painting, 1850-1950" a foreword to the catalogue began:

*"Little is known of German art of the 19th and 20th centuries beyond Germany's own frontiers. . . ."*

But since then a major German art invasion has taken place and several loan exhibitions organized by the Arts Council and by Marlborough Fine Art, in particular, have enormously increased our knowledge of German Expressionism and of the Bridge and Blue Rider Groups in general.

There have also been memorable one-man shows of Kandinsky, Muentner and others. And now it is

the turn of sculptor Ernst Barlach, an artist for whom the Hitlerian epithet "degenerate" was perhaps even more stupid than for any of the others.

Persecution of Barlach began in 1929 (a somewhat naïve catalogue note calls it "attacks by reactionary political elements") when he was famous not only as an artist but also as a playwright. In that year he had completed major works in both fields—the war memorial in Magdeburg Cathedral and the play *The Good Time*.

A few years later all his plays were banned, his sculptures in public places were destroyed and his works in public collections were confiscated. Not being either Jew or Communist he escaped physical torture but, forbidden to work, he developed acute melancholia.

The year he died, 1938, his work on Hamburg war memorial was destroyed. Recently a replica of it was made and put in place of the original on the rebuilt memorial.

Looking at his wood and bronze figures one is immediately struck by their purity and simplicity. To anyone but a rabid Nazi they are clearly direct descendants of the carvings by the great craftsmen of the Middle Ages, and are essentially Gothic in feeling.

Barlach had made a visit to Russia in 1906 and the trip had a revolutionary effect on his art. The comparatively primitive life led by the Russian peasants gave him the key to the strikingly direct mode of expression that gives his work a sense of nobility whether the subject is Christ or a beggar, Moses or a procuress.

On first acquaintance with the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 489



W. SUSHITZKY



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VERDICTS *continued*

Yugoslav paintings at the Tate the most striking thing was the extent of what I believed to be extra-Iron Curtain influences—influences from France, Italy, America and even this country. In most cases, however, attempts to identify these influences were frustrated by the presence in the paintings of other, unfamiliar qualities which it has since dawned upon me are native characteristics.

These characteristics may vary from an obvious folk-art quality in the delightful animals of Lazar Vujaklija to no more than a vague earthiness about the paint of some of the abstract expressionists and impressionists.

The many people for whom Yugoslav sculpture is still synonymous with Ivan Mestrovic are likely to look in vain for the old

native characteristics at this show. We can see quite clearly now that Mestrovic's monumental romanticism symbolized the ideal of a united Yugoslav people in the days when Turkey and Austria-Hungary divided them, but which of these contemporary sculptors will be seen by history as symbolizing Tito's Yugoslavia?

Will it be the ingenious Dusan Dzamonja, who welds thousands of nails together to make forms that are at once both light and heavy? Or will it be Drago Trsar, whose spiky bronzes look like half-eaten coelacanths?

It could be a woman, Olga Jancic or Olga Jevric. But more probably it will be Stojan Batie, an ex-miner who carves and models groups of miners as if hewn from coal, and succeeds in expressing unity in a strong modern idiom.

After the crisp, definitive Dixieland music presented by the Barber band, I find the offerings of New Orleans legends (RLP 12-119) hard to take. Bunk Johnson's band struggles against fearful odds in the 1945 recordings that form an essential part of the traditional revivalist movement. Apart from Bunk's inability to play in tune, the rest of the group sound more than despondent at the hopeless task which has been set them. Kid Ory's group, recorded two years later, sound much better, and Joe Darensbourg's clarinet is at times exciting; their results are comparable with those of the Armstrong Hot Seven who inspired the proceedings 20 years earlier.

Finally Kid Rena, a New Orleans trumpeter, leads his group through some 1940 tracks which are thought to have been responsible for sparking off the revivalist movement. Anyone with an ear for the activities on the home scene today will find much of interest in this prototype revival band, especially in the use of two clarinets, one of whom is the legendary Alphonse Picou, teacher and guide to the influential school of New Orleans players who followed him.

By far the best of this batch, albeit not the most historical, is *Kid Punch Miller from New Orleans* (32-121). Miller's trumpet work, inspired by Armstrong, is more than interesting, and Jimmy Archey's trombone sounds as exciting as any I know from the Deep South. Hall appears again on clarinet, and Ralph Sutton plays "stride" piano well enough to make Fats Waller sit up and take notice.

Switching to a different aspect of jazz, some of the best and most historical sessions were those where Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker

were recorded together. *Diz 'n' Bird in concert* (LAE12252) presents them together in 1947, at a Carnegie Hall concert which seems to have inspired them to a great deal more than a normal performance. To describe this as a classic of its kind so soon after its execution may seem an impertinence, but I feel that for once this description is justified. The same comment is not applicable to *Miles Davis with horns* (32-118), although interest seldom flags. The early '50s were not his best period, and the presence of Rollins and other "Bird"-influenced soloists helped him little. By ascribing this album to his formative period one does him an injustice, but it is so relatively less important than his 1958-60 music that it is hard to do otherwise.

SIRIOL  
HUGH-JONES  
ON  
BOOKS

*The Business Of Loving*, by Godfrey Smith (Gollancz, 18s.)

*The Sun Doctor*, by Robert Shaw (Chatto & Windus, 16s.)

*You Can Touch Me*, by Christine Billson (Scorpion Press, 15s.)

*Headlines All My Life*, by Arthur Christiansen (Heinemann, 25s.)

*J. Paul Getty*, by Ralph Hewins (Sidgwick & Jackson, 25s.)

Mr. Smith is on  
our side

AN ENORMOUSLY READABLE, ENDORSEMENTALLY romantic novel, *The Business Of Loving*, by Godfrey Smith, is a sort of nostalgic cry from the heart for growing-up in the 30s. It's about a group of people who knew each other when they were grammar-school children together in a country town, and mainly about Benny (through whose eyes we see the others), an incorrigible romantic who manages to be a great big worldly success and keep his innocence more or less intact. Even though I can't believe 100 per cent in Benny, who seems a thought too good and nice to be true, I cheer for Mr. Smith's optimistic and whole-hearted vote for life and his hopeful insistence that there is nothing to stop you having your cake and remaining a kind, generous and intelligent person.

The best bits in the book for me

MARK GERSON

GERALD  
LASCELLES  
ON  
RECORDS

Chris Barber's American Jazz Band  
*New Orleans Legends*, by Kid Ory,  
Bunk Johnson, Kid Rena  
Kid Punch Miller From New  
Orleans  
*Diz 'n' Bird In Concert*, by Gillespie  
& Parker  
*Miles Davis With Horns*

New Orleans—and  
all that jazz

I WAS PROBABLY AMAZED TO FIND that Chris Barber, one of the mainstays of "trad" jazz in this country, had taken time off to make a session in New York with some famous names in the American jazz world. I thought the powers that be who control the comings and goings of jazzmen had devised a set of rules that effectively prevented such collaboration, but I am wrong, at least in this special instance. *Chris Barber's American jazz band* (SCX3376) spotlights the trombonist with trumpeter Sidney de Paris, clarinetist Edmond Hall, and a first-class rhythm section. Supervision by Stanley Dance ensures a reasonable balance of solos, and I am delighted to report that Chris plays extremely well in this company. He lacks the complete assurance of the veteran New Orleans men, but contributes effectively both to the ensemble and solo passages. The rhythm section is typical of its kind, with Hank Duncan's piano outstanding.

Rumer Godden, whose novels so often get made into films, has a new one out tomorrow. Called *China Court*, it is published by Macmillan at 18s.



concerned the minor supporting characters, shrewdly and funnily done—the headmasters of schools, a sharp infant squadron leader who turns into an ace gramophone-record salesman, and a keen young baby businessman, rich in hip vocabulary, called Sammy Spiral who looks “like a man who played a far-out tenor sax in a cool jazz cellar, or a beatnik, or a product of Cambridge University,” and is most cunningly and sympathetically observed.

For me there is a slight regret that Mr. Smith did not allow his message to tiptoe through unannounced, without clinching the whole thing in a final chapter as a battle-cry for the “out of favour” attitude, the “pro-life party.” We knew where

we were without the signpost, and the novel stands up perfectly well on its own feet without having to strike a defiant attitude against the Angries (who are by now all busy explaining they were never any such thing anyway, and never joined the club). The jacket, in a faintly want-to-make-something-out-of-it tone, tells us that Mr. Smith has never lived in a garret nor slept in a sleeping bag on Hampstead Heath, and I’m sure I don’t know why he should, and calls the book “a contemporary novel” in a rather fierce way. Contemporary is a tricky word, often used in large stores to indicate the section where you buy chairs with straight iron legs as opposed to the wiggly Jacobethan kind. I’m going to feel

depressed if they start setting aside Contemporary Shelves in the bookshops.

Robert Shaw’s second novel, *The Sun Doctor*, has a Greenish theme an outwardly successful man driven on by private doubts and despairs—and bears some resemblance to *A Burnt-Out Case*. It’s about a red-haired ageing doctor who is lonely, drinks too much, and is about to be knighted for his stout work in West Africa. He has been passionately loved by diverse women, including a rather glum Irish housekeeper; has worked out a difficult and incomplete salvation with a forgotten tribe who resemble the Whittaker Negroes and cannot sweat; and is obscurely obsessed with his own guilt towards the memory of his father. He puts the father-trouble right with a return visit to Orkney, and finally goes back to Africa, sadly abandoning the amorous housekeeper, to put things right with the sick tribe.

I wish I hadn’t found the doctor so much of a confusing old bore, since there are passages of conversation and description that fill one with the liveliest hope. I feel Mr. Shaw got muddled with this one and bit off more than the most experienced novelist could chew with comfort.

Christine Billson, who wrote *You Can Touch Me*, is apparently 22 and has never written a book before. This one is a curious and totally disjointed autobiographical notebook, some of it irritatingly portentous, some of it oddly like the surrealist writing of the 20s for which I have no fancy, and some of it sounding like the work of a genuine natural writer. It is often violent, deeply melancholy and makes the sound of a disturbed person. One gathers, fragmentedly, that the author lives in London, has been poor, and has worked in a sweet-shop, as a window-dresser and typist. It is hard to be sure what is fact and what fantasy, and maybe this is intentional. It is a brief book, with a peculiarly irritant quality, aggressive and exhibitionist; but well worth looking at.

Arthur Christiansen tells the story of his 25 years as editor of the

*Daily Express* in *Headlines All My Life* and makes it absolutely irresistible reading. What emerges strongly is that Beaverbrook in fact edited the *Express* himself and found in Christiansen exactly what he wanted—a newspaperman without political convictions but with a genius for popular presentation and a superb technical flair. Inevitably it says a good deal obliquely about power, and inevitably the most important figure in the book is the puzzling proprietor, buzzing like a gadfly, full of contradictions, and grinning like a dangerous rockery-pixie. Christiansen emerges as a nice and generous-hearted man, and surprisingly frank about a job which must at least from time to time have seemed thoroughly impossible.

J. Paul Getty, subject of the biography by Ralph Hewins, doesn’t for me emerge at all but remains crouched mysteriously behind a column of incredible statistics. He has had his face lifted, made five unsuccessful marriages, adored his mother, keeps a niece, simple diary, collects art, worries about his health, learnt dancing at Arthur Murray’s, and is never likely to get behind with his work. It has been said of him “Nobody, so far as I know, is a friend of J. Paul Getty, but equally he has a kind heart. He is intensely human. For instance, no one has ever been dismissed by him. He gets someone else to do the firing.”

My favourite passage is the riveting account of Mr. Getty’s Ranch House, with Italian bronze fountain, Renaissance bronze door “depicting battle scenes,” a “Hawaiian terrace-cum-deck” with hi-fi and TV, a “cosy little study” with Henry VIII oak panelling (“On it some old English sporting prints go very well”) and a view on to a “small Japanese rockery,” a suite “furnished in gilt Louis style,” and Mr. Getty’s own bedroom with a cushion embroidered with the words “Why save for a rainy day? It only brings the rain.” “The total effect,” says Mr. Hewins wistfully, “is soothing.” He spent “six enchanted weeks” there and honestly ought to know.



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## DINING IN

## A surprise "Surprise"

Helen Burke

AT THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL Gastronomic Festival in Torquay I enjoyed excellent food in several of the hotels. At one the special sweet was OMELETTE SURPRISE, which has become well-known in this country under the American name of BAKED ALASKA.

This one, covered with the ordinary egg-white-&-sugar meringue, was quite acceptable but nothing like as good as the one in which egg yolk is also used. We seldom find this anywhere, possibly because it needs slightly more expert handling.

I promised myself that, when eggs became really inexpensive, I would give this better version for the benefit of those readers of *The Tatler* who are good cooks—and I have ample evidence that many of them are.

You need a block of vanilla ice-cream or portions of 2 to 3 different flavours large enough for 6 people. But first start with a layer of Victoria or Genoese sponge, a little larger than the size of the ice-cream. Place it on a heatproof plate and sprinkle it well with Grand Marnier or Cointreau.

Whisk together 2 egg yolks and 3½ oz. vanilla-flavoured icing sugar until well mixed. Whisk the whites of 6 eggs until they are stiff and firm. Add them into the yolks as you would do for a *soufflé*—carefully, as not to "push out" the air you have whipped into the whites.

Place the vanilla ice-cream, in one piece, on the moistened sponge or, if you use 2 to 3 various flavours, spoon them on to the sponge so that you get a pattern of different colours and flavours.

Immediately insulate the ice-cream by spreading the whipped mixture all over and around it, down to the sponge. Take care that the ice-cream is evenly and thickly covered so that no heat can immediately penetrate it. Those who are handy with a piping bag may wish to decorate the surface with some of the meringue mixture.

Bake the sweet in a hot oven (425 to 450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7 to 8) for up to 3 minutes or until the meringue becomes a warm golden tone. Lift out and serve without delay.

Because of the egg yolks in the coating mixture, the surface of the meringue will colour more evenly and more quickly than when the ordinary meringue is used.

May I suggest that, for the first time—for a practice effort, as it were—you use a family brick of vanilla ice-cream and halve the amounts for the meringue covering?

Incidentally, to make VANILLA SUGAR: Cut a halved vanilla pod into 4 thin strips and insert them into a jar of sifted icing sugar several days before it is required. The pod will delicately perfume the sugar. The pieces can be used again to flavour more sugar for quite a long time.

Once one has succeeded with this version, there are many others one can try. For instance fruit salad, macerated with a little of the liqueur, then chilled and mixed in with the ice-cream. Use the juice to moisten the sponge. Another pleasant mixture is strips of crystallized ginger and canned or poached pears cut into small pieces. Having whipped the cream until it is fairly firm, add the ginger and pears to it. Chill in the refrigerator so that, when spooned around the ice-cream before applying the meringue, they will not soften it.

*Marrons glacés* in syrup are delicious too. In place of the other liqueurs moisten the cake with Tia Maria, mixed with a little of the chestnut syrup. Chill the chestnuts themselves, arrange them around the ice-cream and insulate the lot with the meringue.

Fruits that go well together are strawberries and red currants, and strawberries and raspberries. Every year, the minute that strawberries are plentiful—which is about the time that strawberries and cream or strawberries macerated in red wine are beginning to pall—I like to make a STRAWBERRY FLAN. At one time I used to make a coating sauce with some of the berries themselves, but nowadays I think that raspberry or red currant jelly—that is, the real preserves—is better, and certainly takes much less time to make.

Make a good flour pastry this way: Sift 6 oz. plain flour and a pinch of salt into a large shallow basin. Cut 3½ oz. butter into them and rub it to the fine breadcrumb stage. Beat together an egg yolk, ½ oz. caster sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon juice and a dessertspoon of water. Dot the surface of the flour mixture with them and stir together with a flexible knife. Gather together on the tips of the fingers and knead just enough to erase all joins.

Roll out to around about 9 inches in diameter and ¾ inch thick. Place a flan ring of 7 to 7½ inches in diameter on a baking sheet. Lift the pastry on the rolling-pin and, without stretching it, fit it carefully into the ring. Make sure that it fits absolutely closely to the baking sheet, without any air bubbles between the two. Pass the rolling-

pin over the top to make clean-cut edges. Finger-decorate them all around. Prick the bottom of the flan.

Fit greaseproof paper into the flan and fill it with bread crusts or dried butter beans. (For this I like to use wide strips of the paper, because they are more quickly and easily fitted in position and there is less risk of marking the pastry itself.) Bake for 20 minutes in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (400 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 6). Remove the paper with its crusts or beans, lift off the ring and

return the flan to the oven for about 5 minutes to brown the outside and centre well. Leave to become cold, then arrange large ripe strawberries, closely together in one layer, in the flan.

Now for the sauce: Dissolve 2 barely rounded tablespoons of raspberry or red currant jelly in ¼ pint hot strained orange juice (squash will do). Stir in a rounded teaspoon of arrowroot, blended in a dessertspoon of water. Bring to the boil and the sauce will clear at once. Cool, then spoon it over the strawberries.

## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

## Spoils of the harem

Albert Adair

I HAVE RECEIVED SO MANY REQUESTS for more information about Ottoman art as a result of my recent article on Turkish pottery, that it seems worthwhile this week to discuss that country's other main artistic achievement—embroidery. Turkish embroideries have been admired over the centuries for their beauty and exquisite workmanship. Belon noticed them when writing in the 16th century, remarking that their very existence was probably due to the considerable spare time that was the lot of the inmates of the harems.

Generally speaking, Turkish embroidery falls into two main groups. The first and probably better known type consists of needlework done on a fine, loosely woven linen with silks and cotton. In this group may be included *peshkir* (kerchiefs and towels), sashes, waistbands and small delicate squares which served either for wrapping up objects of ceremonial importance or as a form of headdress for women. Also in this category are what are commonly called "bedspreads," which comprise three or four widths of embroidery joined together. It is also possible that these spreads were used to cover tables on certain occasions, in the same way as the Dutch used Persian carpets in the 17th century. All the embroideries in this class were worked in double darning stitch or sometimes satin stitch, giving the same effect back and front.

The rarer and more interesting category of embroidery consists of curtains or covers in darning stitch or couched work. The designs are usually either of pomegranate or symmetrical pattern of alternate stems and flowers which produces an effective repeat.

These designs are translations into embroidery of the patterns designed originally for woven cloths. The sumptuous and costly velvet, silk and cloth-of-gold stuffs being pro-

duced at factories in and around Brusa, the fashionable designs of the day, were freely copied by women at home using their own home-grown linen and silk.

The photograph shows a rare "pineapple" design embroidery. The design is taken from a 16th-century woven fabric and the embroidery can be safely assigned to the early 17th century. It is worked in bright reds, blues, greens and yellows in silk on a fine linen ground and is in the possession of Messrs. Arditi & Majorcas of Jermyn Street, London.

HERBERT DE CRAY



## MAN'S WORLD

*Gathering of the clans*

David Morton

I SUPPOSE THE SHOP WITH THE MOST strongly nationalistic flavour in London must be the Scotch House in Knightsbridge. After all, there isn't a Welsh House, and the only Irish House I can think of is a licensed one. The Scotch House claims to be the only shop of its size and character outside Scotland, and not surprisingly the heart of this large store is the tartan room. Architecturally, the room is pleasing—circular, with a high domed ceiling from which hangs a handsome chandelier. From floor to cornice rise shelf on shelf of authentic tartans, more than 300 of them, forming a stock that can't be bettered this side of the Tweed.

There are more than 600 tartans in existence; I think at the last count they numbered 645, but the Lord Lyon King of Arms is often called on to add to the number—a hard task by now as it must need considerable ingenuity to design a new permutation of pattern and colour. Many of the tartans are the prerogative of royalty or a particular Scottish regiment, but the majority are clan or family ones,

and the 300 stocked in their majestic room should satisfy most comers; if not a particular specimen can be ordered and, if necessary, specially woven. Some of the most beautiful cloths are reproduction tartans, simulating the old vegetable dyes.

As a Sassenach, I approach the whole problem of tartan with something not far from terror; I feel that the slightest mistake on my part may result in bloodshed along the Border and perhaps even a full scale invasion of England. Accordingly, I have elected never to wear anything even remotely resembling it. More spirited people, and those with a genuine claim to a clan, will be helped in their choice by a chart at the Scotch House that lists over 1,000 family names and specifies the tartan associated with their forebears. Although a family may not descend directly from a clan chieftain, small bodies of people, called "septs," were taken into clans and granted the right to wear that tartan. The chart of family names is repeated in a shorter form outside the shop,

and one of my happier memories of London was provided by a coal black gentleman running his finger down the columns of names. Like myself, he would have done better to look at the southern shelves of the circular room, which display a splendid stock of worsteds, saxonies, cashmere and vicuna, as well as homespun tweeds.

As I have written, the tartan room is the heart of the Scotch House, but the rest of the store is equally interesting. There is a fine tailoring department downstairs, both for ready-to-wear and bespoke clothes. One speciality is the Harris tweed coat, lined with authentic tartans; there are some nice sports jackets made from lightweight super saxonie in muted crossbars, but don't get the idea that this shop is selling nothing but tartans. There is an excellent range of clothes equally at home south of the Tweed. Cashmere jackets for 29 gns., a vicuna coat for 150 gns., all kinds of raincoat, trousers, dressing gowns—even a Harris tweed shooting cape for 21 gns. Downstairs, too, there is a shoe department, selling only Church's shoes, for town or country. I liked the fighting sealskin shoe, extremely strong but soft and pliable leather. Upstairs there are some interesting cotton pyjamas in pleasing stripes for 3 gns., and the rest of the store provides an excellent stalking ground if you are looking

for a present for a Scots or Sassenach girl friend.

Returning downstairs for a moment, one can buy a complete outfit of Highland dress for day or evening wear, including sporrans and *skean dhus*. And incidentally, although a kilt is made from 7 or 8 yards of material, and is very warm, some Scots *do* wear tartan trews under them. It's all a matter of taste—or stamina.

JOHN COLE



*Houndstooth check jacket (£7 17s. 6d.) with toning sports shirt (£3 5s.) from the Scotch House*



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## MOTORING

### *Small cars from the Continent*

Gordon Wilkins

CITROËN HAVE AT LAST REVEALED their new small car, the long-rumoured AMI-6, and right-hand-drive models should be available from about later this year. Mechanically it is developed from the 2CV, that amusing but ugly duckling which did not catch on in England at the high price dictated by import duty and purchase tax. But it has a more conventional and luxuriously furnished body, though still of rather bizarre style. Like the big DS19 Citroën, the AMI has bolted-on external panels that are easy to repair, and a translucent plastic roof.

Considering that this is an economy model with a little flat twin engine of only 602 c.c., the body of the car is extremely roomy. In France it costs about 13 per cent more than the cheapest three-speed Dauphine, and its performance will probably be lower, but it has four wide doors, a lot of interior space and a four-speed all-synchromesh gearbox, controlled by the usual curious push-pull and twist lever on the instrument panel. As on the 2CV the seats can be

removed completely in a few seconds for picnics or for the carriage of bulky loads, which should make it a popular model with people living in the country. Even with the seats in place it is possible to carry skis by sliding them from the luggage trunk under the back seat. Rear headroom is increased by the backward-sloping rear window. By using plastic foam cushions supported on rubber-tensioned springs the designers have achieved a deep, soft and luxurious seat, that doesn't bounce passengers about on rough roads. The springing system like that of the 2CV has the wheels on the ends of long swinging arms, connected to coil springs in floating cylinders on each side of the chassis. The movement is damped by big bob weights in cylindrical casings close to the wheels. The result is an extraordinarily soft, undulating ride that takes the car floating gently over the worst imaginable surfaces but does allow it to roll badly on corners.

The little flat-twin engine drives the front wheels and more expen-

sive constant-velocity joints in the drive shafts now take the snatch out of the steering when taking sharp corners at low speeds. Warm air is taken to the interior of the car from the ducts round the engine cylinders, which are cooled by a moulded nylon fan, and the chassis has only four greasing points. With a full load I imagine frequent use of the gearbox will be required to keep up a good speed but the AMI should have some of the same indestructible character that makes people rave about the 2CV. It is said to do about 65 m.p.h. when fully wound up, and 44-51 miles per gallon.

Meanwhile Renault have introduced to the British market a de luxe Dauphine Gordini similar to that which is marketed on the Continent as the Ondine. The two three-speed Dauphines which I owned were lively, well-equipped small cars and outstanding performers, but on long runs I got tired of the uncomfortable front seats and the awkwardly placed accelerator. Second gear did not give all the speed range one needed for passing operations in fast-moving traffic and the light colouring of steering wheel and instrument panel caused distracting reflections in the screen.

These disadvantages have been overcome in the latest Gordini de luxe, which has comfortable front seats with adjustable backrests,

pleasantly upholstered in two-tone materials, a pretty two-spoke two-tone steering wheel of the Floride type and a black, matt-finished instrument panel. The gearbox has four speeds and the latest engine gives 40 horsepower, enough for speeds up to 85 m.p.h. A pressure limiting valve should help to prevent rear wheels locking under hard braking, and slotted wheels improve the cooling of the drums. The front bumper has an additional bar, there are rubber inserts in the rear overriders, white wall tyres are standard, the luggage trunk is fully lined and there are extra indicator lamps on the sides as well as those at front and rear.

With all the existing features, such as parking lamps, town and country horns, heater, steering lock and automatic choke, this is one of the best-equipped small cars on the market. It costs £562 (£797 5s. 10d. with tax) and a sun roof is an optional extra.

Finally, there is more news concerning the DKW Junior that I mentioned a few weeks ago. A new version, the Junior 40S is now available at £799 17s. 6d. including tax, the price charged for the standard model until a few weeks ago. It has two-tone finish, plus screen washers, overriders, second vizzor, door mirror, radiator blind, headlamp flashers, chromium tail-pipe extension and a more elaborate heater-demister system.

**Miss Judy Shepherd to Mr. Brian Crago.** *She* is the daughter of the late Mr. R. O. Shepherd, and of Mrs. Shepherd, of Oakhill House, Frensham, Surrey. *He* is the son of the late Mr. H. A. Crago, and of Mrs. Crago, Littlehampton, South Australia

## Engagements



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**Miss Perdita Watt to Mr. Richard Hugh Hamilton Geoffrey Bennett.** *She* is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Watt, of Stafford Terrace, W.8. *He* is the younger son of Capt. G. M. Bennett, D.S.C., R.N., & Mrs. Bennett, of Argyll Road, London, W.8



LENARE

**Miss Anthea Kemp to Mr. Russell Ernest William Hill.** *She* is the only daughter of the late Mr. J. A. E. Kemp, and of Mrs. P. Kemp, of Eaton Square, S.W.1. *He* is the only son of the late Mr. H. W. Hill, and of Mrs. A. Hill, of Balwyn, Victoria, Australia



**Henderson—Fenn-Smith:** Jane Hester, elder daughter of the Bishop of Bath & Wells, and Mrs. Henderson, of The Palace, Wells, Somerset, was married to Clive Antony Kemp, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. G. K. Fenn-Smith, of Bournemouth, at the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew, Wells

## Weddings

**Evans—Lawes:** Jacqueline Mary, only daughter of Mr. Noel & the Hon. Mrs. Evans, of Bedford Gardens, W.8, and West Wittering, Sussex, was married to Barrington Hugh, younger son of the late Mr. T. Lawes, and of Mrs. V. C. Webb, of Weston-super-Mare, at St. Sepulchre's, Holborn



# FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

## Flying Officer E. H. Hunter and Miss J. P. Sanderson

The engagement is announced between Flying Officer Ewan Havard Hunter, R.A.F. elder son of Mr. & Mrs. J. C. Hunter of Lodden Thatch, Sindlesham, Berkshire, and Patricia, second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. Sanderson, Espley Hall, Morpeth, Northumberland.

## Mr. P. G. Pine-Coffin and and Miss V. J. Welser

The engagement is announced between Peter Geoffrey, son of Colonel R. G. Pine-Coffin, D.S.O., M.C. of Fairy Cross, Vicarage Lane, Stubbington, Hampshire, and the late Mrs. Pine-Coffin, and Vivienne Jane, daughter of Mr. J. L. Welser, and of Mrs. C. M. Welser, 14 Coleherne Court, London, S.W.5.

## Mr. E. J. Johnson and Miss C. Robinson

The engagement is announced between Ernest James, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. James Johnson, of Oulton Cross, Stone, Staffordshire, and Carole, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donovan S. Robinson, of 137 Holland Park Avenue, W.11.

## Mr. J. R. Andrews and Miss A. M. Miller

The engagement is announced between James Roger, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Andrews, of 11 Allon Place, Wisbech, and Ann Margaret, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Miller, of Lathom, 16 Hills Road, Cambridge.

## Mr. D. J. Willis and Miss T. M. C. Havard

The engagement is announced between David John, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Willis, of Wyndmoor, East Wellow, Hants, and Thérèse Mary Cecilia, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Vaughan Havard, of Portsmouth Road, Southampton.

## Mr. T. S. Legg and Miss P. I. Dowie

The engagement is announced between Thomas Stuart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Legg, of 14 Regent's Park Terrace, London, N.W.1 and Patricia Irene, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David L. Dowie, of 36 Regent's Park Road, London, N.W.1.

## Mr. D. M. Alty and Miss C. Park

The engagement is announced between David Myers, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Alty, Lyndhurst, Highfield Road, Croston, near Preston, and Carole, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Park, Sandunes, Waterloo Road, Birkdale, Southport.

## Mr. J. M. Rowe and Miss S. C. Wilkins

The engagement is announced between Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rowe, of The Woodards, Hatton, Warwickshire and Sarah, daughter of Colonel J. F. Wilkins, of Stayer Cottage, Ixworth, Suffolk, and of the late Mrs. S. C. Wilkins.

## Mr. T. K. Dalziel and Miss R. D. Lund

The engagement is announced between Thomas Kennedy, son of the late Mr. R. K. Dalziel and of Mrs. Dalziel, Nether Hallrule, Bonchester Bridge, Hawick, and Rosemary Diana, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Lund, Blythe, Melrose.

## Mr. J. R. Wheeler and Miss J. A. Craven

The engagement is announced between Flying Officer John Richard Wheeler, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Wheeler, of Knockholt, Sevenoaks, and Judith Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Craven, of Woodthorpe Drive, Sandal, Wakefield.

## Mr. I. D. Hamilton and Miss C. J. Cuff

The engagement is announced from Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, of Ian Douglas Hamilton, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Hamilton, 64 Hemmon's Road, Manchester, to Catherine Joyce, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Cuff, 31 Broughton Avenue, Bournemouth.

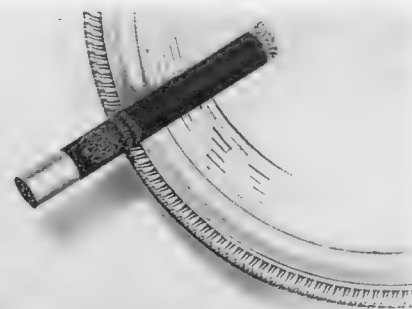
## Mr. W. F. Gough and Miss P. A. Glanvill

The engagement is announced between William Frederick, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. T. Gough, of Townhead, Beckermest, Cumberland, and Patricia Ann, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Glanvill, of Graydon Avenue, Chichester, Sussex.

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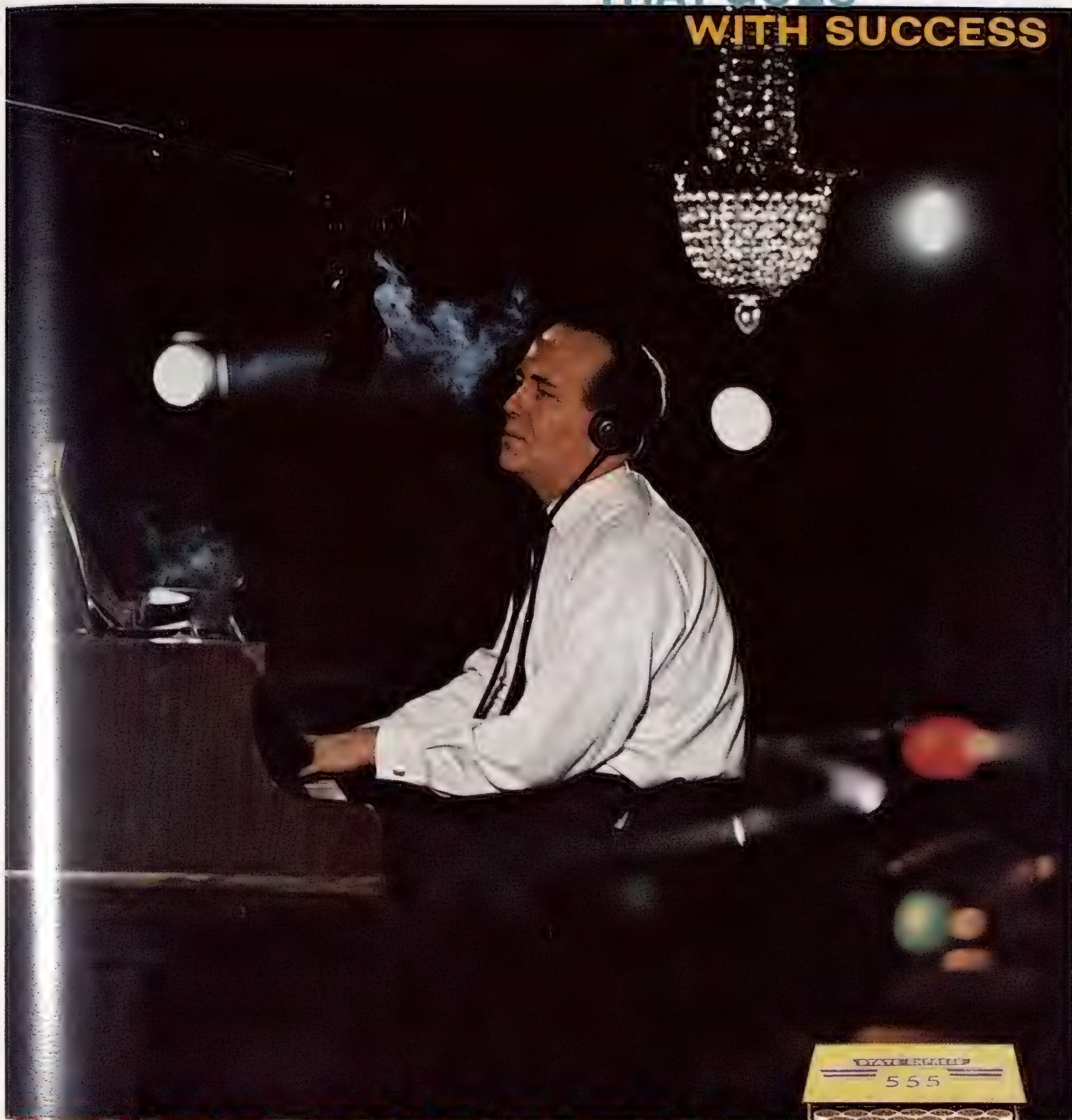
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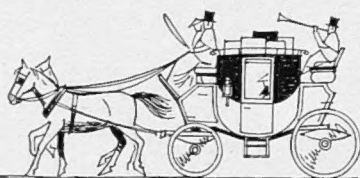
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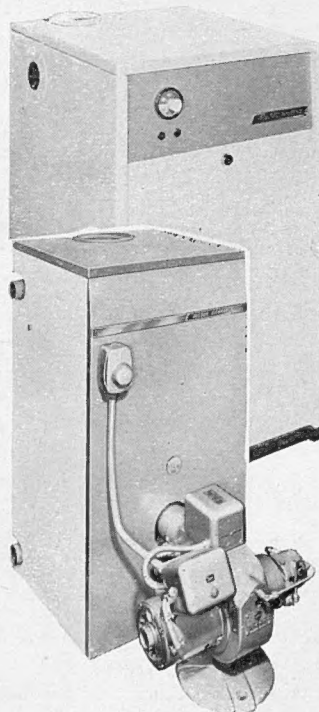
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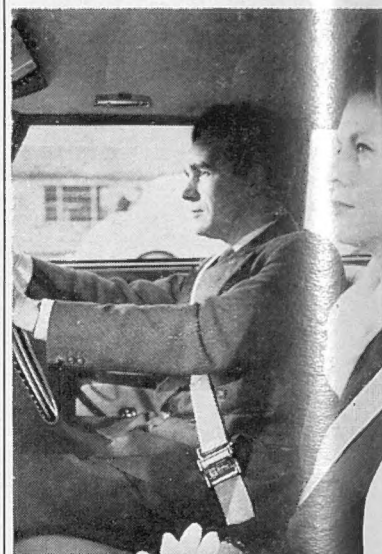
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